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NEW ENGLAND,
AND
HER INSTITUTIONS.

BY
ONE OF HER SONS.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY S. ANDRUS & SON.

1847.

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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P R E F A C E .

THE traveller who takes a hasty tour through a foreign land can only describe the scenes which meet his eye. The habits of thought which prevail in the various classes of society, the domestic manners, and the whole internal structure of the institutions, civil, social, and religious, can only be understood by the familiarity of years. This volume was written by a New Englander. He speaks of that which he knows, and testifies of that which he has seen. It was written that it might communicate correct information of this country to those of other lands who are interested in its condition and prospects. The author is not writing an eulogy or a satire, but desires to describe vividly and impartially both virtues and faults. If it shall, in any degree, be productive of peace on earth, and good will among men, the principal object of the writer will be accomplished.

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NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE FARMER.

A FEW years since I was travelling in the western part of one of the New England states. Our party, consisting of two gentlemen and three ladies, had undertaken an excursion for pleasure among the distant hills and forests of our youthful country. As we rode on day after day, from the flourishing villages and well-cultivated fields which border the sea-coast, the country continually assumed more and more of wildness and sublimity. Occasionally we would cross a stream upon which were erected a saw-mill and grist-mill, and near which were clustered a few houses. Then we would ride for many miles, and not see a dwelling or even a fence. The whole face of nature was as uncultivated as when none but the Indian ranged through its wilds. At one time our road was skirted for miles with a forest of dead trees. The fire, which is almost every autumn kindled in the woods by the gun of the hunter, or the burnings of

the settler, had swept through it, and killed every living thing. The bare and barkless branches of the trees rose to the height of ninety or a hundred feet from the ground, and presented an aspect of inconceivable desolation. Till we have become familiar with the scene, an irresistible gloom spreads itself over the soul, as we find ourselves in the midst of this appalling death of nature. Emerging once more from this dreary desolation, a forest of majestic pines rose upon the view, lifting their evergreen heads to the skies, and whispering in a voice whose solemn expression none can fully understand, but those who have passed a pensive hour on a summer's day, reclining under their cool shade. Again the oak, the beech, the maple, luxuriant and verdant, cheered the eye, and rejoiced the heart. At intervals of a few miles, the log house of some enterprising settler would attract the eye. Delighted with the novelty of the scenes before us, we proceeded till we came to the borders of a small and beautiful lake. It was literally encircled with mountains, from whose distant and rocky summits the land gradually sloped to the margin of the water. As we ascended the hill from whose summit we looked down upon the beautiful valley in which this lake was embosomed, comfortable houses and well-cultivated fields and flourishing orchards rose as if by magic upon the eye. Far away, upon a gentle eminence on the opposite side of the water, we discerned the neatly painted church, with

the cheerful dwelling of the loved pastor of this people by its side. From the position we then were in, the eye embraced the whole valley, which was many miles in extent. I had never seen a spot which was so perfectly secluded from the rest of the world. It was, almost literally, *the end of the road*. The boundless forest covered all beyond, and yet there was here comfort, intelligence, refinement. Neatly painted houses, with Venetian blinds, led us to anticipate a degree of hospitality and of domestic comfort, which we found more than realized. Here we passed several days, rambling about the margin of the lake, and over the neighboring hills, and occasionally following the course of the beautiful rivulets which trickled down from the mountain, and meandered through the valley.

One afternoon, our party was invited to take tea with a neighboring farmer. Having dined at an early hour, we entered our carriage, and set off upon a ride of five miles, to spend the afternoon with our friend. We had not proceeded far, before we observed the vapors gathering in the form of a thick and black cloud upon the side of the mountain. Soon the cloud broke away from the attraction by which it had been held, and was borne, as by an invisible hand, across the valley, emptying its treasures of moisture upon the ten thousand blades of grass, and flowers of the field, which were looking to God for sustenance. We could not resist the impression that it was a

mighty engine, with which God was refreshing the fields. The cloud might perhaps have covered a circle of a mile in diameter. Over all the rest of the valley the sun was brightly shining. This cloud passed over the fields, did its appointed work, and disappeared. The same invisible hand fashioned another, and bore it along to give additional freshness to the verdure of this beautiful scene. We stopped to gaze in admiration upon this interesting process, so distinctly visible in nearly all its steps. Soon a current of air bore a heavily loaded cloud towards us, and we were under the necessity of trying our speed in the race. The cloud, however, overtook us, and gave us a sprinkling of its treasures as it sailed along majestically, in obedience to that will which gave it birth. We soon arrived at the place of our destination. At the foot of one of the loftiest mountains of New England was situated the comfortable farm-house to which we were invited. Numerous barns and sheds surrounded the house, arranged for convenience, without the least reference to beauty and order. The farmer was a man of piety and intelligence. Every thing about the house and farm showed that he knew not the pressure of want.

About twenty years before, he and his brother, then young men, entered the wilderness. A majestic growth of trees overshadowed the whole region. The axe of the settler had not made a single opening for the rays of the sun to reach

the earth. About eight miles from the camp* which they erected, a few settlers had commenced operations, and a foot-path had been opened through the forest from the partially cultivated regions, fifteen or twenty miles to the east. These enterprising young men had thus advanced to the extreme border of civilized life, and had then plunged into the unbroken forest, to seek a home in its untamed wilds.

No one who has not been a spectator of such a scene can form a conception of the grandeur of the silent forest, as it at first presented itself to these adventurers. No underwood obstructed their progress or their view. The majestic trunks of the trees near their summits shot out thick branches, whose luxuriant foliage invested the scene with a gloom which was even awful. The settlers, each with a pack upon his back, containing provisions for a week, and with an axe in his hand, travelled through the woods for several hours, till they arrived at the spot where they were to lay the foundations of their future homes. Week after week they swung the axe, while the forest resounded with their blows, and with the crash of falling trees. A little camp made of the boughs of trees afforded them a shelter by night, and during all the hours of the day they were busy at their work. At the close of the week, they

* This name is given to a rude hut erected for some temporary purpose in the forest.

would shoulder their axes, and emerge from the woods, to pass the Sabbath with their *neighbors*. Monday morning, having sharpened their tools, and obtained a fresh supply of provisions, they again returned to their toil. Thus passed the summer. By the middle of autumn, a spacious opening had been made in the forest, and the ground was covered with the huge trunks and branches of the prostrate trees. The young men then returned to the distant home of their parents, in one of the well-cultivated farming towns on the frontier.

When the returning sun of spring had melted the snow and dried the ground, the young men were again seen directing their steps to the scene of their summer's labor. The leaves still clung to the branches of the prostrate trees, but they were dry and withered, and needed but a spark of fire to envelop the fields in flames. This burning being effected, the blackened trunks and branches of the trees which remained were placed in piles to be set on fire. But few spectacles are witnessed more truly magnificent than some of these fires in the woods. At times, the forest to an immense extent is wrapt in flames. The fire sweeps along through the dry leaves and rubbish, with a rapidity that is fearful. Now encircling a tree of a nature peculiarly combustible, it mounts, rushing and crackling, to its utmost branches, a majestic pyramid of flame. Occasionally, these fires are seen sweeping over a mountain with a brilliance that would almost eclipse the glory of Vesuvius.

It was late in autumn, a few years since, when a season of unusual drought had almost converted to tinder every combustible substance upon the surface of the ground. The fire from a farmer's clearing had penetrated the woods, and for weeks had been moving onward in its unresisted and desolating progress. The flames, in their wide reach, had passed over the *opening* of many a lonely settler, and in an hour had consumed the labor of years. Borne by the winds, it arrived at the foot of a mountain, whose sides were covered with decayed trunks and branches, the growth of centuries. The mountain stood in lonely grandeur, elevating its head twelve hundred feet above the surface of the surrounding forest. The night was dark. The wind, dry and suffocating, had increased almost to a gale, and whistling in circling eddies around the mountain, it scattered far and wide the blazing branches, till the whole mountain assumed the aspect of a raging, roaring furnace. Heaving up its immense columns of smoke and flame, it gleamed upon the eye, and sent dismay to the heart of the few adventurers who in that distant and solitary wilderness had found their home. I heard it described by an eye-witness, who stood at the door of his dwelling, gazing upon the sublimities of this midnight scene.

The fires are often exceedingly destructive to property, and not a few instances have occurred in which life also has been lost. The whole country appears in flames, and then there is no place

of refuge. In one instance, when all the members of a family, with the exception of an aged grandmother, were absent from home, endeavoring to arrest the progress of the approaching flames, the fire and smoke drove down upon them in such furious volumes, that they were compelled to flee for their lives. It rushed in its impetuous and unrestrained fury over the newly-formed farm. The barns, the house, and even the fields, were enveloped in flames. There was but one place of escape,—the well. The poor woman succeeded, by means of the bucket and the rope, in letting herself down into this retreat. The burning rafters of the house fell upon the orifice of the well, and shut her in. After the flames had expended the materials of their fury, and had rolled onward in their dreadful progress, her friends returned, expecting to rake her bones from the embers of their smouldering dwelling. While they were searching for this purpose, they heard her voice, calling for help, and drew her out from her fearful prison, half dead with fright and fatigue.

Late in the autumn, in the new settlements in New England, and in the more distant regions of the west and south, the smoke of these fires may be seen ascending from all parts of the horizon. Cinders are borne for miles upon the winds, and sometimes a region of hundreds of miles in extent is enveloped in a cloud of suffocating smoke. No precautions can prevent these occurrences, for the new settler in clearing his land must burn the

limbs and trunks of the trees, and the rising of the wind at once sweeps the fire beyond human control. In the more thickly settled parts of the country, the cultivation of the fields removes the fuel which feeds these fires, and they are consequently rare. And yet I have known the inhabitants of a populous village to be called out by a general alarm, to contend with the flames, which, like an invading army, were marching triumphantly through the woods, threatening to consume their dwellings. For days and nights together, all the physical force of the village has been arrayed in "fighting the fire." There are, however, other parts of New England, where such scenes are not only unwitnessed, but unheard of.

But I must return from this digression. The young adventurers, having burned up as much of the wood as possible, in the little opening which their axes had made in the almost impenetrable forest, brought upon their backs a few bushels of wheat, which they sowed among the stumps and wide-spreading roots of the trees which still remained in the ground. The hardships of the new settler, and the obstacles against which he has to contend, are but little understood by those who are surrounded by all the artificial comforts and conveniences of an advanced state of society. It is almost impossible for us to imagine how many difficulties they are compelled to meet. If our young adventurers broke a hoe, they had to walk eight or ten miles through the pathless woods to

get it mended. If an axe glanced against a rock, the grindstone which was to restore its edge was ten miles distant. If any accident occurred, if even a finger was bruised, or sickness invaded, it required a journey of two or three days to obtain a physician. Such were the obstacles they were compelled to meet and surmount, in literally hewing out for themselves a home in these distant wilds.

Having, at length, thus placed the seed in the ground, they commenced with their axes building a house. Boards were, of course, out of the question. The earth spread out her bosom for the floor. Unhewn logs, inclosing an area of thirty feet square, and dove-tailed at the ends, formed the walls of the house; a hole sawed through a couple of the logs being the windows, and another orifice at one corner of the house affording a door. Long poles are then laid across the top, and these are covered with the bark of trees, affording a very comfortable protection from the weather. A settler who has advanced thus far is well established in the world. He then begins to reap the reward of his toil. He feels that he has a good farm and a comfortable home, and immediately goes in search of some one to be the envied lady of the newly erected mansion, the mistress of the youthful farm. That spirit of romance which animates the bosom of the untutored, as well as the cultivated, converts these hardships into pleasure, these toils into enjoyment. Think

not the hardy settler claims your pity. No! you must go to the halls of state, to the aching hearts surrounded by the trappings of fashion, to find those to whom the world is a weariness, and for whom home has no charms. The distribution of enjoyment in this world is far more impartial than is generally imagined. If there be peace with God, every situation will have its peculiar enjoyment. The young man, with bold heart and firm sinew, who grapples with the hardships of the wilderness, finds that there is an enjoyment in the very spirit of enterprise, which repays him for his toil. Actuated by this spirit, there are thousands who are pushing back deeper and deeper into the vast forests which frown over the interior of this mighty continent. Even at the base of the Rocky mountains, already is to be found the cabin of the white settler. And those mountains will present but a momentary barrier. The multitude of emigrants will soon be witnessed rushing down their western declivity, and filling up the plain, till the waves of the Pacific will be burdened with the fleets of the cities which will adorn her shores.

The brief history we have given of an individual case, is the history of tens of thousands. Gradually the trunks of the trees decay, and are removed. The whole forest becomes prostrated by the axe of the settlers. Fences inclose the farms. Saw and grist mills are erected upon almost every stream. The log house is deserted, and con-

verted into a piggery or a barn. Substantial dwellings, neatly painted, and furnished with glazed windows, not unfrequently adorned with Venetian blinds, cheer the landscape with the evidence they present of thrift and comfort. And by the time the children of the first settler become of age, they imitate their father's example, shoulder the axe, and seek for themselves a home in the unbroken solitudes of the forest.

It is thus that the wilderness of America is bowing before the hand of civilization. It is thus that villages, and even cities, are rising as if by magic throughout this new world.

In the individual case to which we have above alluded, it is now about twenty-five years since the young men first made the forest resound with the crash of falling trees. Already there is opened to the eye of the traveller a town of well-cultivated and highly productive farms. Immense flocks of sheep graze in the pastures. Large fields of grass are seen, spreading out their smooth surfaces, undeformed by rocks or stumps. Several mills are erected upon the streams which flow down from the adjacent mountains. There are houses of handsome exterior and genteel interior. The neatly painted church is every Sabbath filled with an intelligent and attentive audience. A skilful physician has taken up his residence there, and they have also a settled minister, whose education, piety and talents render him a most acceptable preacher. The town is divided into

several school districts, in each of which there is a public school during the winter months. There is also during the summer months a private high school, in which the higher branches of useful education are taught. Here, none need suffer but the lazy. Public and private charity will protect the few who may be infirm. Those who are willing to labor will be rewarded for their industry by a competent support.

No one will expect to find, in regions so distant, and in society so new, the artificial courtesies and ceremonies which regulate intercourse in fashionable circles. In the dwelling of the farmer, you will generally find plain, frank, manly sense, with a good degree of intelligence respecting the general state of the world, and the political condition of his own country. You can hardly find a dwelling in New England, be it a framed house or a log cabin, in which some periodical print is not taken. The newspapers of the day are scattered far beyond the route of the mails, and the region of passable roads. The lonely settler will weekly emerge from his distant home in the woods, to get his newspaper. The writer of this chapter once passed a night in a log house, many miles beyond the region traversed by passable roads. It was in the midst of the romantic, the silent, the almost unbroken wilderness. Far as the eye could reach, from this humble dwelling nothing could be seen but the wildness of unsubdued nature. Water-fowl of various kinds were

sporting upon the wide sheet of water, that glittered like a mirror embosomed in the forest. Lofty mountains encircled the horizon, their sides covered with a thick growth of trees, and their rocky battlements towering to the skies. One would think that in an abode so lonely, apparently so entirely secluded from intercourse with man, there must be found the ignorance of an almost semi-barbarous state. But there we found the Bible and the family altar, and heard the voice of morning and of evening prayer. There we found the regular files of the newspaper, and in conversation with the tenant of that lowly abode, we found him well acquainted with the various subjects which were then agitating the political and the religious world. The missionary operations of the day, the hostile manifestations of Europe, the public men and important measures of his own country, were subjects with which his mind was familiar, and upon which he had formed opinions.

I had with me one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. As I threw myself upon the bed at night, the book was left upon the coarse pine table before the fire. The light of the blazing pitch pine knot, stuck into the crevice of the chimney, threw its bright flashes over the room, while the black smoke it emitted rolled in circling wreaths up the chimney. Lamps and candles were unthought of in this humble dwelling. The farmer took up the book, and soon became so interested in its pages, that the feeling of drowsiness and the thought of

sleep were driven from him. I awoke about midnight, and there he was bending before the pitch pine knot, enchained by the creations of Sir Walter's genius. Again I awoke before morning, and there he still was, apparently insensible to the lapse of hours, poring over the fascinating volume. In fact, the morning dawned before he laid aside the book, to go, unrefreshed by sleep, to engage in the toils of the day.

Perhaps some of our readers, had they entered into this humble cabin in its solitary situation, and looked around upon the apparent discomfort of its unfurnished interior, would have called the occupants *poor*. But the reply to such a remark would probably have been, "How is it possible that you can call a man poor who owns a hundred acres of land, with a good log house, and has his farm fairly under way?"

The settler who has advanced so far in converting the wilderness into a habitable abode, *feels* rich, and is so regarded by the new emigrant, who looks upon the majestic trees which he is to prostrate with his axe before he can sow a single seed, or aspire to a more comfortable dwelling than the camp erected from the boughs of trees, with the branches of the hemlock for his bed.

The farmers in the older settlements of the country have generally good houses, and enjoy a degree of substantial comfort hardly surpassed by that of any other class of the community. Their children in New England are almost with-

out exception well educated. They generally form matrimonial connections in early life, and either settle down on a farm near home, or emigrate to the uncultivated lands of the West. Hence originates a great difficulty in obtaining female servants, or, as they are now usually called, domestics. The farmer's daughter has no inducement to go out to service. Her father is in comfortable circumstances; she is surrounded by friends, and is useful and happy at home. She is perhaps more independent than the daughter of the city merchant, and feels no more inducement than she to go out to service. Why then should she leave these comforts and enjoyments? The scarcity of servants is one of the most signal proofs of the wide-spread prosperity of this land. If they wish to engage in profitable employment, they can generally do far better than to go into the kitchens of the wealthy. The factories hold out a most powerful inducement. The pecuniary compensation is far greater than most families can afford to give. The factory girl of America is a very different person from the factory girl of some other countries. She is respected by her employers, and respects herself. Her wages not only enable her to meet every necessary expense, but to accumulate a very handsome sum for time of need. In one town in Massachusetts, Lowell, there are between five and six thousand young females employed in the factories. Large numbers of them are professing Christians, and adorn their profes-

sion by orderly lives. They are liberal contributors to those objects of Christian charity which, at the present day, appeal so forcibly to the heart of every friend of the Savior. After remaining in these abodes of industry a few months or years, they are found scattered over the land, the wives and mothers of our most useful citizens.

In addition to this, braiding straw, and other domestic manufactures, afford profitable employment for thousands. The farmer's daughter sits down by her father's fireside during the long winter evenings, and while conversing with friends and neighbors, is employing her fingers in business more lucrative than she could find in the more severe and far less pleasant duties of service. I was a short time since riding in the stage-coach with a merchant, who was employing a number of females in braiding straw. He informed me that some of the girls who were skilful would earn five dollars a week, and none less than two or three.

The consequence of all this is, that there are few American females who go out to service. It is a source of continual complaint in this country. But who has a right to complain? They can do better. In the cities, emigrants from Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, are servants in most of the families. The negroes are also very generally employed in this way. And there are also *some* American girls, who prefer the seclusion of domes-

tic life, and the information in domestic duties which is thus obtained, to the noise of the factory.

Much has been written by travellers upon this subject, which to most Americans is entirely new. In fact, to describe the manners and customs of the Americans, is like describing the manners and customs of the Europeans. The Russian, the Turk, the Greek, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Englishman, are alike Europeans. But how very different are the customs of the different inhabitants of Europe. And yet the wilds of Northern Russia are hardly more remote from the capital of France than are some parts of the United States from others. Occasionally, a tourist ascends the Mississippi, and penetrates the new states which are watered by that magnificent river and its majestic tributaries. He finds the savage still paddling his canoe upon those distant waters. He witnesses the tremendous rush of emigrants from almost every nation under heaven, to take possession of these new and fertile vales. The highlands of Scotland, the manufactories of England, the mud cabins of Ireland, the marshes of Holland, have sent out their thousands to tame this wilderness. They come together with their diverse customs, with their national prejudices;—many, unreasonably disaffected at home; some, refugees from the prison or the gallows; and others, with hardly property sufficient to purchase an axe or a spade, and yet bringing with them the ignorance, the vices, and the prejudices of older

countries. Mingled with these will be found respectable settlers, with intelligence and integrity and property. In such a heterogeneous mass as this, there is no national character. But the spirit of enterprise is so vigorous, that empires are rising as if by enchantment, upon the borders of these mighty streams. The tourist who describes the scenes witnessed in these distant wilds, is read in New England with as much avidity as in Old England. The Indian warrior whose light canoe skims upon the waters of the lakes, or who chases his game in the forests of Arkansas, would attract as thronging crowds in the streets of Boston or New York, as in those of London or Paris. Notwithstanding the great facilities for intercourse in this country, a distance of two or three thousand miles is not a trifle. And it must be confessed, that the log cabins of these new and distant settlers do not always afford the most pleasing specimens of intelligence and refinement.

A gentleman who visited Illinois a few years since, informed me, that he saw many white persons who lived like the Indians, by hunting, and who were dressed in the shaggy skins of wild beasts. The fact is, that in the United States there may be found, and even on an extensive scale, almost every variety of society and of customs. There is here the roving savage, the semi-barbarous white man, who is the rival of the Indian in the chase, and the smoke of whose wigwam ascends in the same wilderness; there is the

heterogeneous mass of foreign emigrants, the laborious and thrifty settler, the substantial and wealthy farmer, the enterprising merchant, and the circles of gayety and thoughtlessness and fashion.

The more reflecting part of the community contemplate with deep solicitude the state of society which is forming in the vast territories of the West. They know full well, that the votes which shall be cast in the valley of the Mississippi, must soon control the destinies of their nation. The Atlantic states must soon be eclipsed by the rising glories of the West. There are our rulers to be elected, and by them our laws are to be framed. Upon this subject, however, I may enlarge more fully hereafter.

It is doubtful whether there is in any part of the world a class of men more comfortable and contented than the farmers of New England. They are an intelligent, virtuous, and most influential part of the community. Many of them are the pride of the country, and the ornaments of that religion which has made New England what it is. Go to their dwellings, and you will hear the morning and the evening prayer. Go to the church, and you will see them with their families, respected and devout worshippers. Present to them the claims of suffering humanity, and you will find that neither the plains of Asia, nor the isles of the Pacific, are too remote for the reach of their sympathies and their beneficence. Already

have the arms of their benevolence embraced the world. Many of the benighted sons of India have been blessed by their influence. Many a fierce wanderer on the heights of Hawaii has been led by their prayers and their efforts to embrace that religion which takes from death its sting, and from the grave its victory. Take the farmers of New England as a body, and they are a set of noble men. They are nature's noblemen. There are individuals among them who are ignorant and irreligious and degraded ; with hearts which can neither be moved with gratitude to God, nor with sympathy for human woes. They will rally under any banner which waves in defiance of a religion which claims a pure heart and a holy life. They are the foes of temperance and all its kindred virtues. But through the kindness of God they are few in numbers, and powerless in influence. The farm-houses of New England are generally the abodes of intelligence and happiness. It is in these abodes of honest independence and enlightened piety, that most of the missionaries who have gone from this country to heathen lands have found their birth. May the farmers of New England rise higher and still higher in the scale of moral and intellectual excellence, and show to the world that intelligence and virtue and independence may be united with a life of honest toil.

CHAPTER II.

ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANIZATION.

A STRANGER when passing through New England has his attention arrested by the multiplicity of churches, or meeting-houses, as they are here called, which every-where abound. Almost every little village has its two or three. Not unfrequently, as a small cluster of houses appear in sight, you see rising side by side the two spires which mark the houses of God; each of which appears large enough to contain double the population of the whole village. This is perhaps more invariably the case in the eastern part of Massachusetts than in any other section of the country.

“To what Christian denomination do those houses belong?” he asks some passer-by.

“The Unitarians, sir,” it is answered, “worship in the old house there, and this new one belongs to the Orthodox.”

“Are there any other sects here?”

“Yes, sir; the Baptists meet in the house there without any steeple, and the Methodists hold their meeting in the school-house, only, once a month, the Universalists take their turn.”

Such, substantially, is the information which he would receive in many of the villages of New England. This, however, is by no means universally the case. Occasionally, you will enter a town in which nearly all the inhabitants are united under one pastor; and throughout the New England states, the Orthodox Congregationalists generally compose the principal society. They embrace the mass of the community as to numbers, and its strength as to wealth and intelligence. When the naked fact is stated, that a town contains but a few hundred inhabitants, and is yet divided into three or four religious societies, an erroneous impression is generally conveyed to the mind, for in most such cases there is one substantial society, and the others hardly deserve the name. In one town there will perhaps be a Congregational and a Baptist church, both of which are respectable for numbers and abundantly able to support the institutions of the gospel. There is also a Methodist society, consisting of a small number of individuals, upon whom a Methodist preacher occasionally calls as he goes the rounds of his circuit. When it is notified that a Methodist will preach in the school-house, a respectable number, either from curiosity or from better motives, flock to hear him. There is also perhaps an Universalist society; some two or three individuals having associated themselves for this purpose, and these too occasionally have preaching. In some places in New England, there are large and

highly respectable Methodist societies. There are also some Universalist societies, strong in numbers. In the eastern parts of Massachusetts, and especially in the principal towns, the Unitarians possess most of the wealth, and of the literary and political influence. But their influence is hardly felt, except in a few counties around Boston. In most of the principal towns there are highly respectable and influential Episcopal societies; but you find none in the country, unless here and there some single individual by his own personal influence retains one in struggling existence. The Orthodox Congregationalists and the Baptists compose the two principal sects of the New England states. Taking the whole of the United States, the Baptist denomination is the most numerous; but in New England the Orthodox Congregationalists embrace the great mass of the community.

The following is a summary of the religious statistics of the United States, as ascertained in 1834.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The American Quarterly Register for February, 1834, is principally occupied with an ecclesiastical register of the various denominations of Christians in the United States. The following is the general summary.

1. *Orthodox Congregationalists*.—Including in New England the ministers and churches connected with state associations, as well as those which are not thus connected, and adding to these

the churches and ministers of the same denomination out of New England, we may place the total as follows: 1,100 ministers; 1,250 churches; 155,000 communicants.*

Estimating the communicants as one-ninth of the population, the whole number of Orthodox Congregationalists will be 1,395,000.

2. *Unitarians*.—170 societies; 150 ministers; 170,000 population.

3. *Presbyterians*.—2,070 ministers, of which 229 are licentiates;† 2,500 churches; 233,280 communicants; 22 synods; 111 presbyteries; additions to the number of communicants in 1832, 30,798; net gain in communicants, 16,242. Population, (9 for a communicant,) 2,102,220.

4. *Dutch Reformed Church*.—167 ministers; 197 churches; 21,115 communicants; about 30,000 families, and 150,000 souls.

5. *Protestant Episcopal Church*.—18 dioceses; 17 bishops; 648 clergymen; between 700 and 800 parishes.

6. *Calvinistic Baptists*.—4,100 ministers; 5,800 churches; 450,000 communicants.

We have added an amount to the numbers reported in 1833, equal to the increase of the preceding year.

* Members of the churches who unite in the celebration of the Lord's supper.

† Licentiates are such clergymen as have been regularly licensed to preach, but are not settled in any stated charge.

7. *Methodist Episcopal Church*.—6 bishops; 22 conferences; 2,232 travelling preachers; 168 superannuated; 619,771 members, of which 78,475 are colored persons; increase of members last year, 66,685.

8. *Evangelical Lutheran Church*.—216 ministers, including 25 licentiates; 800 congregations; 89,487 communicants; annual average number added to the church, between 13 and 14,000.

9. *German Reformed Church*.—In the following estimates are included the synod of the German Reformed church, the Reformed synod of Ohio, and the Independent Free Reformed synod in Pennsylvania. 180 ministers; 600 churches; 30,000 communicants; 300,000 population.

10. *Associate Presbyterians*.—10 presbyteries; 79 ministers; 169 congregations; 5,129 families; 12,886 communicants.

11. *Free Will Baptists*.—18 yearly meetings; 46 quarterly meetings; 661 churches; 410 elders; 155 licentiates; 30,440 communicants;—2,099 increase last year.

12. *Six Principle Baptists*.—9 ministers; 25 churches; 1,672 communicants.

13. *Free Communion Baptists*.—2 conferences in New York, and 3,000 or 4,000 population.

14. *General Baptists in Kentucky*.—8 churches; 214 members.

15. *Seventh Day Baptists*.—42 ministers; 32 churches; 4,258 communicants.

16. *Church of the United Brethren*.—33 minis-

ters ; 24 congregations ; 5,745 members, including children.

17. *New Jerusalem Church*.—8 ordaining ministers ; 8 priests and teaching ministers ; 15 licentiates ; 25 societies ; 122 places where there are known to be receivers of the doctrines.

18. *Cumberland Presbyterians*.—70 ministers ; 110 congregations ; 15,000 communicants.

19. *Associate and other Methodists*.—400 ministers ; 50,000 communicants ; 200,000 population.

20. *Friends*.—Probably 450 congregations, and 220,000 population.

21. *Universalists*.—300 or 400 ministers ; 500 or 600 congregations.

22. *Shakers*.—45 ministers ; 15 churches or congregations.

23. *Roman Catholics*.—550,000 population.

24. *Jews*.—15,000 population.

25. *Other Sects*.—Several smaller sects, and persons of no denomination, would probably amount in population to 800,000 or 1,000,000.

I shall now proceed to explain the ecclesiastical order of the Congregational churches of New England. Let us suppose the case of a new town, with a sparse population of a few hundred inhabitants. There are perhaps fifteen or twenty individuals who are members of churches in other places, from which they have removed. Occasionally a minister sent by the Home Missionary society visits and preaches to them ; but generally

they meet on the Sabbath in the school-house, or in some private dwelling, and one offers a prayer, another reads a chapter in the Bible, a third reads a sermon from some printed volume, and perhaps a fourth ventures to offer a few remarks by way of encouragement to his brethren and of exhortation to his neighbors. As the population of the town increases they begin to think of forming themselves into a church, and settling a minister. Perhaps the plan is to unite with an adjoining town in the support of a minister, who is to preach alternately in each town. Not unfrequently three or four small towns thus unite.

But the first thing to be done, is to organize a church. They look to some neighboring minister for advice as to the mode of procedure. He perhaps engages to draw up for them a creed and covenant, which is to be the basis of their union. A meeting of all the church members in town who wish to unite in the organization of the church is then called, and the creed and covenant presented. These are thoroughly discussed, and probably not a few alterations made in the mode of expression, to suit the peculiarities of the various individuals. Several evenings are probably occupied in this important transaction. At length, the creed is assented to. One or two are then chosen a committee in behalf of the rest, to call a council of a few of the neighboring ministers to organize the church. At the appointed time and place, the council convene. The individual church members then pre-

sent their creed and covenant to the council. The council, after having examined these, and being satisfied of the scriptural basis upon which they wish to be united, vote to adjourn to some suitable place to attend to the solemnities of the occasion, and assign to each individual the part he is to perform. The solemnity is perfectly simple. A sermon is preached, an appropriate prayer is offered; the creed and covenant are read, while the members of the church assent to it by standing together in the aisle. If any are to be received to the church who have never made a public profession of religion, having been previously examined as to their religious views and feelings, they are then received by assenting to the creed with the rest, and by receiving the ordinance of baptism, if it has not been administered to them in their infancy.

The following is perhaps a fair specimen of the creeds and covenants of the New England churches. As every church is however independent of every other, there is an almost infinite variety in the modes of expression.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

1. We believe there is one God, the Creator and rightful Disposer of all things, existing as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that to these three persons as the one God all divine perfections are to be equally ascribed.

2. We believe that the Bible was given by inspiration of God as the only unerring rule of faith and practice.

3. We believe that mankind are fallen from their original rectitude, and are, while in a state of nature, wholly destitute of that holiness which is required by the divine law.

4. We believe that Jesus Christ, the *eternal Word*, became man, and by his obedience, sufferings, and death, made an atonement for the sins of the world.

5. We believe that they, and they only, will be saved, in consequence of the merits of Christ, who repent of sin and believe in him.

6. We believe that although the invitations of the gospel are such that all who will may come and take of the water of life freely, yet the wickedness of the human heart is such that none will come unless drawn by the special influences of the Holy Spirit.

7. We believe that the sacraments of the New Testament are baptism and the Lord's supper; baptism to be administered only to believers and their households, and the supper only to believers in regular church standing.

8. We believe that God has appointed a day in which he will judge the world; when there will be a resurrection of the dead, and when the righteous will enter on eternal happiness, and the wicked will be sentenced to eternal misery.

THE COVENANT.

You do now in the presence of God and men choose the Lord Jehovah to be your God and Father, the Lord Jesus Christ to be your only Savior, the Holy Spirit to be your sanctifier. You dedicate yourself to God, unreservedly surrendering all that you have and are to his sovereign disposal, engaging by his assistance to live henceforth to him and not to yourself, and to aim, whatever you do, to do all to his glory. You cordially join yourself to this church, and engage to be subject to its discipline so far as it is conformable to the gospel; and to walk with the members thereof in love, watchfulness, and purity.

I then, in the presence of God and these witnesses, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, pronounce you a member of this branch of his visible church, and we engage to treat you as such: to watch over you in love; praying that we all may become more and more conformed to the example of our divine Master, till we come to the perfection of holiness in the kingdom of his glory.

The next thing is to obtain a pastor. After hearing several individuals preach as candidates, they find one who, they hope, is willing to stay with them, and with whom they are pleased. A meeting of the church is called, and they vote to give the candidate an invitation to remain with them. The members of the parish then have a meeting and unite with the church in the invita-

tion, and they mutually agree as to the salary which they will offer the candidate. In these feeble new parishes the salary is from three to four hundred dollars a year. In good farming towns it is generally from five to six hundred dollars. There are not ten clergymen in New England whose salaries exceed two thousand dollars a year.

In the course of a week or two the pastor elect returns his answer. If in the affirmative, a council of the neighboring clergymen is again convened by invitation from the church. The candidate is then publicly examined by the council, as to his qualifications for the sacred office. The following extracts from the minutes of such a council will most accurately describe the mode of procedure.

“At an ecclesiastical council convened at —, January 28, 1830, for the purpose of ordaining Mr. — as pastor of the Evangelical church and society in said place, were present by their pastors and delegates the following churches.”

Then follows a list of eight or ten churches, each sending one lay delegate with its pastor.

“The council attended to the call of the church and society to Mr. — to become their pastor and minister, and to his acceptance of the same. Mr. — was also examined relatively to his church standing, his license to preach the gospel, his religious experience, his motives in entering the ministry, his doctrinal views, his theological attainments, and his qualifications generally for

the great and important work to which he is called.

“Whereupon, voted unanimously, that the council has obtained satisfaction in relation to all these particulars, and are prepared to proceed to the services of ordination.”

“The several parts in the public services were then assigned as follows :

Rev. Mr. ——— to make the introductory prayer.

Rev. Mr. ——— to preach the sermon.

Rev. Mr. ——— to make the ordaining prayer.

Rev. Mr. ——— to give the right hand of fellowship.

Rev. Mr. ——— to give the charge to the pastor.

Rev. Mr. ——— to make the concluding prayer.

“Voted, that this council do now adjourn to the meeting-house to attend the public services, and that subsequently to these services the council be dissolved.

Signed, _____, Moderator,
 _____, Scribe."

The solemnity of ordination is very simple. The pastor elect enters the pulpit, in which there are usually three other clergymen, to unite in the imposition of hands. The three place their right hand on the pastor's head while one leads in the prayer, which ceremony consecrates him to his most solemn charge.

The duties of the Christian minister, though pleasant, are arduous. The people who have taken so deep an interest, and made such pecuniary sa-

crifices to obtain his services, are ready at once to give him their affections, and they desire to treat him as a family friend. Consequently they feel disappointed if his visits to them are not frequent. Hence the duty of parochial visiting becomes one of the most arduous and exhausting of the labors in which he is called to engage. The privileges of the ministry in this country are not sufficiently inviting to induce many to incur its responsibilities, who are not actuated by truly Christian motives; and the standard of duty is so high, that those who will not consecrate all their energies to their work, cannot ordinarily obtain a support.

They preach two written sermons every Sabbath. Sabbath evening they frequently preach an extemporaneous sermon in the meeting-house, in the vestry, or in the district school-house. During the week they hold two or three evening lectures. They are expected to visit not unfrequently every family in the parish, and these visits are generally made strictly religious visits, and closed with prayer. In addition to this, in all the country places, the general superintendence of the school, devolves upon them. They examine the instructors and visit the schools.

Should a New England clergyman venture to preach a sermon which he had not himself composed, he would entirely forfeit his reputation. It may well be supposed that with all these duties, and receiving but a small salary, few of the worldly and the ambitious would be enticed to enter the

desk. There is no such thing here as working by proxy. Every pastor puts his hand to the effort, and engages personally in the laborious performance of parochial duties. There is no distinction of rank, other than that conferred by talent and successful labor. The most eminent divines engage in the same duties of Sabbath labor, and evening lectures and parochial visiting, as their less distinguished brethren. It is in fact their zeal and success in their efforts which, in a great degree, constitute their eminence. And were they to neglect these, their reputation and their support would fail together. The colleges occasionally confer the degree of doctor of divinity upon those clergymen who have acquired extensive influence, but even this trifling distinction is but little regarded, and many have declined accepting the proffered honor.

The salary of the pastor is raised by voluntary association. The individuals wishing to belong to the parish place in the clerk's book their names, and the sums they are willing to pay. Sometimes they vote to assess a tax upon property; sometimes upon pews. Those and those only pay who are willing, and they pay just what they choose.

The minister can by law recover the salary voted at the regular parish meeting. But the parish can at any time refuse to vote the salary for another year. This course is sometimes adopted as a means of removing an unacceptable pastor. Sometimes they meet and vote his dismissal. Sometimes the church, i. e. the body of communi-

cants who are organized distinctly, and are called the church, are exceedingly attached to their pastor, while the parish are dissatisfied in consequence of his spirituality and Christian ardor. Hence arises a contest between the church and the parish. Of late years these contests have been very frequent in Massachusetts. They have generally resulted in a separation—the parish by virtue of their numbers retaining the meeting-house, while the church with a few associated individuals retain and support the pastor. Under these circumstances the church erect a new meeting-house, and the parish obtain a new minister. This has been the nature and the result of the Unitarian contest in the vicinity of Boston. The old house is retained by the Unitarian parish, with their new minister, and the new house is occupied by the church with their Orthodox pastor.

Ministers are generally settled ostensibly for life, but the connection in fact exists only so long as is mutually agreeable to the parties. Not unfrequently a church, important in its influence, will invite an able pastor from a parish where his influence must be less extensive. Thus there are frequent removals. Many, however, deem it robbery thus to call from another church a highly valued pastor. This subject is at the present time exciting considerable interest in the churches. A young man enters the ministry in a retired parish. By diligent application to study and active efforts he becomes in a few years

eminent for pulpit eloquence and pastoral skill. He is the friend and the confidant of all his people. They love his virtues and are proud of his abilities.

The pastor of a church in the metropolis of the state dies. A young man has not the experience requisite for so important a situation. The eyes of the church are directed to this faithful pastor in some distant and peaceful valley. A committee are sent to invite him to remove. If he is an honest, conscientious man, he feels it to be his duty to exert as wide an influence in the world as possible, and if otherwise, ambition calls him away, so that after a painful struggle in tearing away from the affections of his people, he is transplanted from the vale where he has obtained his strength, to the more conspicuous and arduous duties of a city pastor. Almost every clergyman in the city has been previously settled over some country parish, and in retirement has been disciplined for his more extended field of influence. Common as these removals are, they are a continued source of excitement to the public mind. And though there are many and powerful reasons in favor of such occasional transfers, it may be doubted whether, on the whole, more is not lost than gained. It not unfrequently happens that a minister who in one sphere is eminently successful and exerts a very salutary influence, by his removal finds himself among a people with whose feelings and customs he is not familiar. A few

months are sufficient to satisfy both himself and the people of his new charge that they are not adapted to one another, and that it would have been far wiser for him to have remained in the situation he previously occupied. But in the mean time the people with whom he was first settled have engaged the services of another pastor, or, if they have not, they have withdrawn from him their confidence and affection in consequence of his leaving them. His failure in the new enterprise has injured his reputation with the public. He is soon again dismissed, and never regains the standing which he once held. Such cases are not rare.

And yet there are other cases in which the talent which had been buried in some secluded parish has been called out and excited by intercourse with the busy world, and has startled the slumbers of thousands. The eloquence which had instructed and charmed the few humble listeners of the village church, has drawn to the spacious temple of the metropolis thronging crowds, and has vibrated in thrilling tones through the nation.

I have spoken of the independence of the Congregational churches of New England; and yet they are in many respects far from independent. The moral influence of the churches upon each other is very strong. If a church invite a clergyman to settle over them who is unsound in doctrine, or of doubtful piety, a council of evangelical clergymen will refuse to ordain him. And if a church have not the sympathy and the fellowship

of the neighboring churches, in ordinary cases, it must have but a feeble and struggling existence.

The clergymen of New England have generally formed themselves into voluntary associations. From ten to twenty individuals, who are situated near to each other, thus unite in a ministerial association. They generally meet once in three months for intellectual and spiritual improvement, and for mutual advice in forwarding the interests of Christ's kingdom. These fraternal interviews are generally very interesting and profitable. After a meeting of twenty-four hours, the pastors return to their respective churches with new zeal to press forward in their delightful labors. The influence of these associations in promoting brotherly love, animating zeal, and exciting simultaneous effort, is very great. The association within whose limits we happen to reside consists of twelve ministers. They all live within a few miles of each other, and meet once in three months at ten o'clock in the morning, and adjourn at ten o'clock the next morning. The time is passed in listening to the performances which were assigned at the previous meeting. One preaches a sermon; another presents an explanation of some difficult passage of Scripture; another reads a dissertation; plans of sermons are presented, and all the exercises are made the subject of free and friendly criticism. Questions are also frequently presented for the advice of the association.

Besides these numerous minor associations,

there is in each of the New England states a general association, composed of two delegates from each of these smaller bodies. This association meets once a year, and hears from its members a report of the state of religion within their respective limits. Suggestions which are deemed of general importance are here presented and recommended to the churches. This body, composed of clergymen from every part of the state, has deservedly great influence over the public mind. The measures which are proposed to the churches, sanctioned by their recommendation, are very generally adopted.

This is in general the ecclesiastical organization of the New England states. There are several other convocations of the clergy to consult respecting the general interests of the cause of religion, but it is unnecessary to be more particular.

As these churches are all sustained upon the principle of voluntary contribution, it is to such aid alone that application can be made to plant and sustain the new churches which are so rapidly springing up throughout the whole length and breadth of our land. The following is an extract from a letter which the writer of this chapter received a short time since. It will give a more vivid idea than I can communicate in any other way, of the condition of these new churches, and of the manner in which they are sustained. It describes scenes not in New England, but in the "far West."

“———, ———, 1834.

“Dear Sir,

“The Lord has been pleased to make me the pastor of a little obscure flock in one corner of this ‘great valley.’ We have had existence as a church only about five years. Our number is not far from eighty, but we have only about eighteen families who can be depended upon to support the gospel, or to do any thing of consequence in a pecuniary way for the cause of Christ. These eighteen families are obligated by the terms of their call to pay me this year two hundred and forty dollars. Besides this they have subscribed one hundred and twenty dollars towards finishing their house of worship; thirty dollars for stoves to warm the house; about sixteen dollars to support the monthly tract distribution; ten dollars for the Home Missionary society; and five dollars for the education of poor and pious youth. Now all these sums added make four hundred and thirty-one dollars, which these eighteen families are bound to pay this year. If this sum were equally divided among the eighteen it would make a dividend of twenty-three dollars, which each family would be obliged to pay. But it is far from being equally divided. Some families will pay fifty dollars; some forty, some thirty, and so on down to five dollars. None of them can properly be called wealthy. With the exception of three or four families, they all live in their log cabins, because they have not been able to build comfortable houses. They

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have indeed good farms considerably improved, which will in a few years, with a common blessing, afford them a comfortable living. Most of them are yet somewhat in debt for their farms, which in a few years more they will have paid for, if they have usual success. Now, sir, this people have done their utmost, and have already paid upwards of eight hundred dollars towards building their house of worship, and they feel able to do no more at present, on account of pecuniary embarrassment, from which they cannot expect to recover even next year. Unless therefore we can obtain foreign aid, our house must remain unfinished as it is. But two hundred dollars would enable us to finish it so as to make it neat and comfortable. Now, sir, we make our request. Will you undertake for us, and endeavor to collect from your congregation and the neighboring churches this sum, or a part of it? By so doing you will confer a high favor upon us, and lay us under lasting obligations of gratitude. We shall be thankful for any sum you will be able to afford us. Two hundred dollars to us now would be worth more than a thousand dollars to you in those old and wealthy congregations. If you should be so kind as to undertake for us, and should be successful in making a collection, you may pay it to the Home Missionary society, and request them to send me an order on the treasurer of the society.

“We are settled in the midst of a fertile country, in which there is little or no waste land. The

population upon it is already very dense for this new country, and this population is rapidly increasing. The probability is, that there will not be a single spot of ground eighteen years hence which will not be occupied by some farmer. Infidelity, Universalism, and every species of error abound among us, and are increasing rapidly in this region. We scarcely make an effort to improve the moral and religious condition of this people, without meeting the most bitter opposition. Presbyterians here have to bear the whole brunt of this opposition, because they are the principal denomination which are active in supporting Sabbath schools, tract societies, &c. There is a very convenient school-house in the centre of our congregation, which we have till lately been permitted to use for our religious meetings. But the enemies of Presbyterians have met and voted that we shall meet there no more. This was done too at a time when they knew that our meeting-house was in such a state that we could not occupy it. Since that time we have been forced to occupy our unfinished meeting-house, or to go into some log cabin, too small for our congregation. Now, sir, you will readily see that our want of a convenient and comfortable place of worship is a real embarrassment to us, and a hinderance to our prosperity as a church. If you can by any means obtain for us the sum of two hundred dollars, you will enable us to make our house of worship convenient and comfortable; if not, it must remain in

its unfinished condition for some years to come. If any one should be disposed to ask why we do not call for aid from our neighboring churches, we answer, that with very few exceptions they are all like us struggling for life.

“ With unfeigned friendship and esteem,
“ I subscribe myself, &c.”

Such appeals as this are continually presented to our churches, and they are not presented in vain. The members of our churches are continually disciplined in the Christian duty of contributing of their property to advance the cause of Christ, and if that cause cannot be sustained in this way, we are convinced that it can be in no other. All that we ask of the government is to *let us alone*. The only protection we desire is that which every honest man and good citizen deserves.

Appeals to the feelings and to the principles of Christians have been so successful in our churches, that the societies of Christian benevolence, numerous as they are in this country, are in a state of high and increasing prosperity. The habit of contributing money—of making pecuniary sacrifices to sustain the cause of Christ, exerts so beneficial an influence upon the heart, that permanent funds are in most cases considered rather as a curse than as a blessing. There is hardly an intelligent Christian of any denomination in the New England states, who does not feel that the patronage of the government would be one of the greatest calamities which could befall the church.

Notwithstanding the entire unanimity of Christians in deprecating the aid and support of government, a few ignorant or unprincipled men, observing the unwearied activity of Christians, and the triumphant success which is crowning their cause, endeavor to excite odium against religion by raising the cry of "church and state." But the fact is that almost every intelligent Christian in the land says to the government, "Protect us in our rights as men and as citizens, but as Christians leave us to ourselves." Whether in these views they are correct or not, it is not for me to decide. My object is to state facts, without eulogy or censure.

The result of every year's experience confirms Christians in these views. They are more and more convinced, that there is no mode of operation so energetic and effectual as that of voluntary association. It is this which has rolled back the tide of intemperance, which was heaving its surges over our land. It is this which is planting churches in every little village in our western wilderness, and supplying them with pastors. It is this which is placing a Bible in every dwelling, and establishing Sabbath schools within the reach of all the children of the land. It is this which has converted Hawaii, dark and dismal as she once was, to a Christian island, and has gathered her roaming children to the school and the church. It is this which is now instructing the savages of our own western wilds, and

which is spreading out an increasing influence to all quarters of the globe.

No ! Christians ask not for the aid of government. They ask only for the heart and the energies of Christ's devoted friends. With these they believe that the triumphs of Christianity will be carried to every shore and through every land. Every man is here at perfect liberty either to pay for the support of the institutions of the gospel or not, as he pleases. If he is an infidel, and does not wish to pay for the support of religion in any shape, no one troubles him. Each individual pays to what denomination he pleases, and what sum he pleases, and no more. Office and honor too are alike open to all. Each one, without reference to religious belief, enjoys all the privileges which our country affords, and none would have it otherwise.

Truth is thus left to the defence of those who love her cause. No prisons frown upon the heretic, and no civil deprivations or privileges tempt to insincere professions. As there can be no compulsory conversion, neither would we have the cause of Christ sustained by compulsory support. We believe that no greater calamity could befall the American churches, than for the government to erect a church in every village, and take those churches under its fostering care. We feel an assurance that the result would be to make religion suspected and odious to the people, and to fill the pulpits with worldly men, grasping only at the

honors and the emoluments of the office. A few years would show that the energies of the church were paralyzed, and the land would be consigned to spiritual death. Whatever may be said of the destitution of religious instruction in the new settlements of our western territory, Christians do not believe that the influence of government will remove that destitution. They believe that it can be done by that energy alone which animated the primitive Christians, and which now animates many an American church; and that men must be sent to this work who, with the spirit and self-denial of Paul, will be willing to spend their lives in the incessant labors which those new countries require. This work is not to be accomplished by

“The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.”

The new settlements of America demand the labors of men who can endure hardship;—men of robust bodies and bold hearts. They must be animated by fervent piety to be willing to forego the comforts of a more refined home, and to spend their days among the log houses of this scattered and rude and uncultivated people.

Our benevolent societies are providing for the wants of the new settlements as fast as it is possible for them to do under existing circumstances. Through all the dwellings of the land the Educa-

tion society is searching out young men of piety and of talents, for the purpose of training them by means of a course of preparatory study to the responsible duties of the Christian ministry. And they do not lead them through a path strewn with roses, but along a way so hedged by difficulties, that but few will be induced to enter it, except those who are willing to endure hardships and trials, that they may serve their blessed Redeemer by proclaiming his love to a dying world. This society is now training up, under the most salutary discipline, a thousand young men; and every year they are sending their little army of fresh recruits into the field. Every year the number is increasing, and their influence is more powerfully felt.

The Home Missionary society is taking from six to eight hundred feeble churches by the hand, sending to them pastors, and aiding them in their support. Every year many of these churches arrive at such a degree of maturity, that they are able to sustain themselves, and are paying back into the treasury of the society the assistance which they have received. Every year, therefore, new churches are received under the fostering care of this society; and with its rapidly increasing resources, its influence is widely extending.

The Sabbath School Union is establishing in the remotest parts of our country its nurseries of piety, and is blessing countless families with libraries of Christian knowledge.

The Bible society resolves that no family in the land, who will receive the Bible, shall be destitute of the word of life; and it finds in the principle of voluntary association sufficient energy to carry its resolutions into effect.

The Tract society also is not idle, and its silent messengers of instruction are seen everywhere, in private houses, in the hotel, in the stage-coach, and in the steam-boat.

The churches are perfectly convinced that no good would be accomplished by calling to their assistance the aid of government. They fully believe that God will accomplish the redemption of the world, by rousing the church to more vigorous efforts, and not by calling in the assistance of those who do not love his cause.

Those who are raising the outcry of "church and state," may be satisfied, that there is no measure against which Christians in this country would more strenuously contend, than against such a union. We rejoice that we here can meet upon an unobstructed arena, and that truth is left to the protection of her own lawful weapons. With those weapons she is now triumphing; she is carrying her conquests through the land, and those who hate her reign tremble as they see that that reign is approaching.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHURCH.

ONE of the most striking peculiarities of New England, in respect to her religious institutions, is the great distinctness of the line of demarkation, which separates those who profess to be under the practical influence of piety, from the mass of the community. Nearly all of the various denominations of Christians here maintain, that piety does not consist merely in those general feelings of awe and reverence for the Supreme Being, and that indefinite fear of his future displeasure, which exist, in a greater or less degree, in all human bosoms; but that a radical change of heart and character is necessary, and that in this change originates the first feelings of genuine personal affection for the Deity, and of true penitence for sin. There are various views taken of the precise nature of this change, and various measures taken to produce it; and a few religious teachers deny its existence altogether. A large community, however, is perhaps seldom more fully united in respect to any moral sentiment of such a nature, than are the people of New England in the opinion

that a man "must be born again" or he "cannot see the kingdom of God." This principle is taught distinctly in almost all our pulpits, and it is, besides, the basis of most of the religious instructions which are given there; and though many shake off the conviction of it, by the influence of worldliness or sin, yet it still lurks secretly in the bosom, and comes up to life and action in hours of sickness and solitude, and upon a dying bed. At any rate, this conviction, existing so generally in the public mind, has a very great influence in respect to all our religious arrangements, and it lies at the foundation of very many of our religious opinions.

The first of its effects is, as is remarked above, the separation of those who profess practical godliness from the rest of the community, into private organizations called churches. These churches enjoy no political or civil powers or immunities whatever; our courts have recently decided that they are not corporations; they cannot hold property; they have no power over their members except moral suasion, and simple exclusion in the last resort. They are almost all entirely independent of one another, except so far as they may, for various purposes, form, from time to time, voluntary unions. In a word, they are simply private associations of those who profess to be penitent for sin, and practical followers of Jesus Christ. Their property consists of the communion plate; their money transactions are an occasional contri-

bution among themselves for the poor and destitute belonging to their own number; their discipline consists of words of caution and advice to a wandering member, or, in an extreme case, a simple vote of exclusion; and their ordinary weekly business is a meeting for religious conversation and prayer.

This is the theory, and this, in ordinary cases, is the actual operation of the system. There are exceptions. In some cases, numbers, who make the profession without feeling the spirit of piety, will gain admission to a church through the laxity of a pastor, and the life and spirituality of the body is diluted, until all spirit and power seem gone. In others, political or semi-political questions will get in, dividing a church into parties, by means of whose struggles she is herself rent in twain. In a very few instances some other difficulty or perversion may occur;—a minister will attempt to destroy the distinction between his church and his congregation, by giving a public invitation to all to come to the communion; or by proposing to give up that ordinance altogether. The exceptions, however, of all the various classes I have named, are comparatively few. The great mass of our churches go steadily on in the fulfilment of their own peculiar and appropriate designs, the private personal improvement of their own members in piety, and the exertion of a gentle moral influence over others, to lead them to feel and to profess personal attachment to the Savior.

The mode of admitting members, though slightly varying, is substantially the same in all the New England churches. The candidate for admission is examined, with much particularity, respecting the evidences of his piety. Sometimes the examination is conducted in the presence of the whole church; at other times a committee, consisting perhaps of the pastor and deacons, is appointed for that purpose. The individual to be examined presents, either orally or in writing, an account of his religious experience, and replies to questions which any member of the church may propose. The following is perhaps a fair specimen of such communications.

“I was early the subject of serious impressions. When not more than five or six years of age, I felt secret prayer to be a duty, and for a time used frequently to go to a retired place, and sometimes to take a younger sister with me, and kneel and pray to God. I was not blessed with religious instruction, and these impressions were ‘as the morning cloud and early dew.’ I soon contented myself with repeating a short form of prayer when all things went well with me, but in all my childish troubles I used to go to God. As I grew older I wandered farther from him, and my affections were supremely fixed on the follies and vanities of childhood and youth. I rarely had any opportunity of hearing the truth preached, until my

feelings had become strongly enlisted on the side of error.

“In the summer of 1822, I left home for the purpose of attending school. The principal of the school one day requested those who felt religion to be an important subject, and who were willing to converse upon it, to meet him in his study. My attention was arrested; I felt that *I* was destitute of piety, and that it was an important subject for *me*. I attended, and became considerably interested. My convictions of sin were not deep, and I *now* feel that I *then* saw little indeed of the desperate wickedness of my own heart. When I left school my impressions were effaced in a measure, and yet not so entirely as to permit me to engage, with much interest, in the vain amusements of youth.

“In the autumn of 1825, an intimate friend became hopefully pious. Much faithful conversation was addressed to me. Former impressions were renewed and deepened. I had clearer views of the deep depravity of my heart, and of my need of an interest in Christ. I remained in this state, refusing, or at least neglecting to give myself up to God, for two or three months, when I trust I was enabled to embrace Christ as my Savior. It was only a faint, trembling hope that I indulged; and though seasons of darkness have been frequent since that period, yet I have never relinquished that hope.

“Several reasons have prevented me from offer-

ing myself for admission into the church of Christ before the present time; but the principal one has been the low state of the evidence in my own heart that I had really experienced a saving change. I now feel it to be my duty publicly to profess my faith in Christ, and having been enabled, as I humbly trust, through infinite, unmerited grace, to choose Him for my Lord and Master, I earnestly desire to obey his dying command, and to join myself to his peculiar people; and therefore present myself as a candidate for admission into this church."

If the examination is considered satisfactory, it is voted that the candidate be publicly propounded for admission, a week or fortnight before being received. If, during this interval, any thing appears which induces doubts respecting the Christian character of the candidate, the admission is either postponed for a season, or the candidate is rejected.

If received, the ceremony of admission is as follows: the candidate, after the sermon upon the Sabbath, enters the broad aisle and silently assents to the creed of the church and adopts its covenant, and if not previously baptized receives the rite of baptism.

The church, thus constituted, have nominally in most cases the precedence in measures for the settlement of a pastor; but the legal act by which the arrangement with a pastor is made is by the congregation, which is usually organized and in-

corporated as a "*society*." The "church" and the "society" are thus the two bodies which act in reference to the election and settlement of a pastor, a council of the neighboring clergymen being usually called in to instal the new incumbent with proper solemnities. It is to this church and society alone that the pastor is responsible for the proper discharge of his duties ; a responsibility which the republican principles on which the whole arrangement is made render far from nominal, for, as may well be supposed, the people look with a vigilant eye upon all the operations of their minister. The following dialogue we insert here, both because it illustrates the subject on which we are now speaking, and also because it embodies a good many of the sentiments and notions of New England people, in respect to the public instructions of the Sabbath.

* Mr. Jones was the pastor of a church in a small country village. In its seclusion, but little of the bustle of business was known, and each individual was consequently much interested in the concerns of every other individual of the parish. The pastor and his family were the prominent objects of scrutiny, and all felt at liberty not only to make his public exercises, but his domestic arrangements also, the subject of free remark. This was done not from unfriendly feeling, for he was

* It has already been published in a religious periodical.

much beloved by his people, but in the absence of other engrossing topics of common interest, the movements of the pastor and his family became of primary importance.

One pleasant morning in the month of April, Mr. Jones took his cane and set off to visit, as was his custom, the families of his charge. He first entered the house of a humble family, the mother of which was a member of his church; but the father was an irreligious man, and but seldom seen at public worship on the Sabbath. He had conversed but a few minutes with this pious mother, before her husband entered, and with the well-meaning, but blunt and careless air of a very plain dealing man, addressed him thus :

“ Good morning, good morning, sir ; happy to see you. I had the pleasure of hearing you preach yesterday afternoon, sir.”

“ Yes ! I observed that you were at church, and was pleased to see it.”

“ Well, Mr. Jones, I am a plain man, and you must excuse me if I am somewhat plain in my way of talking. But if you always preached as you did yesterday, I should go to meeting oftener. You preached without notes yesterday, and that is what I call *preaching*. When a man goes up into his pulpit and *reads* off a sermon, why, I may just as well stay at home and read a sermon out of a book. If you would always preach without notes, I should almost always go to meeting.”

“ I think myself,” said Mr. Jones, “ that preach-

ing extempore is on many accounts preferable to reading written sermons, but still, extemporaneous preaching will not suit all. I should be perfectly willing to preach without notes all the time, if I thought it would be equally profitable to all my people."

"Well," said the man, laughing, "if you will let me know when you are going to preach without notes, I will always come and hear you. But it is against my religion to go and hear men *read* instead of *preaching*."

After a little further conversation Mr. Jones bade them good morning, and continued his walk. Though the man had addressed him in rude style, he knew there was no intentional disrespect, and he was too much accustomed to such rencounters, to allow his feelings to be much disturbed. Yet he could not help mourning over the strength and unreasonableness of men's prejudices.

The next door he knocked at was that of a lawyer, whose manners and conduct were such as to show very distinctly that he had a most profound respect for himself. In self-respect he went to church upon the Sabbath. In self-respect he attentively listened to the preacher, and from the same motive he bowed in dignified courtesy to his more humble neighbors. He did many things which were honorable and of good report, not because he feared God, but because he respected himself.

A little girl opened the door, and having ushered Mr. Jones into the parlor, went to the wing of

the house, which contained the office of the lawyer, to inform him that the clergyman had called.

“Good morning, Mr. Jones,” said this respectful gentleman, in slow and courteous accents; “I am happy to see you this morning, and to have an opportunity of telling you how much we were gratified with your *forenoon* sermon yesterday,” (placing special accent on the word *forenoon*.) “I trust you will not think, Mr. Jones, that I intend to flatter you, when I say that your *forenoon* sermon was an admirably written discourse. That is the kind of preaching, Mr. Jones, which elevates the people; it improves their minds, it cultivates their taste. A discourse *well digested* and *carefully written* is substantial food to the mind. You will pardon me, Mr. Jones, for making the remark, but I think that clergymen generally, if they have not time to write out two sermons a week, had better exchange a little more frequently, so that they never will be under the necessity of preaching extempore.”

Mr. Jones was a man of acute sensibilities. He felt such remarks, but under the tuition of his Savior he had learned self-control. Natural feeling recoiled from the insult of such a supercilious address. He however was sufficiently acquainted with human nature to know the folly of arguing with such a mind, and therefore quietly endeavored to waive the subject, and after a little further conversation, he bade the family good morn-

ing, (for the lady of the house had during the conversation entered,) and escaped further pain.

“How do you do, Mr. Jones?” exclaimed a man who was ploughing in the field by the road-side. Mr. Jones raised his eyes from the ground, for he had been walking along almost lost in thought, and kindly responded to his salutation. The farmer was a member of the church, active and useful, but want of humility was his infirmity. Mr. Jones inquired of him respecting the state of religion, if there was any thing of particular interest in his family, or among his neighbors.

“Why, yes, sir,” said the farmer, “yes, sir, I think things look more encouraging. My neighbors are more ready to talk upon the subject of religion than they have been for some time. It appears to me that forcible appeals to the heart are all that we want now. I know there are some persons who like doctrinal sermons, and I suppose they are important in their place, but the trouble with our people is, that they know their duty, but they won’t do it. It isn’t *enlightening* that they want; it isn’t *instruction*, but melting appeals to the heart, to make them *feel*. That is my view of the matter, Mr. Jones.”

“There certainly is some good sense in what you say; but a man cannot *feel* unless he *believes*. We must convince a man of his danger, before he can *feel* it. We must convince him of God’s goodness before he can *feel* gratitude. All correct feeling must be founded on correct belief.”

“True, sir, true,” said the farmer; “but if I may be so bold, it appears to me you preach doctrinal sermons a little too much, Mr. Jones. I have been reading some of Whitefield’s sermons lately, and I am taken with them mightily; all heart, sir, all heart. And only see how successful he was. It is really astonishing.”

Mr. Jones continued the conversation a little while longer, to lead the man to more correct views of himself, and then went on his way. As he was passing the door of his aged deacon, he thought he would stop in a moment and converse with him. The deacon was eighty years of age, a man of old fashions, and deeply versed in theological lore. The good old man gave his pastor a cordial greeting, for he loved him, but he thought the times were sadly degenerate. He took down from his shelf an old volume of sermons, preached some fifty years ago, and placing it in the hands of Mr. Jones, said:—

“There is a very interesting volume which I have been reading lately. It is a real treat to me to get hold of good old-fashioned doctrinal sermons. The fact is, Mr. Jones, you modern preachers are altogether out of the way. The *doctrines* are the very marrow of the gospel. And it is *doctrinal preaching* that we want to enlighten the public mind. Now I have lived eighty years, Mr. Jones, and have seen the effect of all kinds of preaching, and you may depend upon it, that the great thing needed is, to have men well ‘*indoctri-*

nated.' The public mind wants enlightening. It needs instruction. Now I like your preaching as well as any body's I hear in modern times; but I do think it would be a great improvement if you would preach doctrinal sermons rather more. Shall I not lend you this volume, sir? perhaps you would like to look it over."

Mr. Jones smiled at the *delicate hint* which his good deacon supposed he was giving, and taking the book, endeavored to lead the conversation to subjects of practical godliness; and after uniting with the venerable deacon in prayer, continued his parochial calls.

In the middle of this little village there was a milliner's shop, where Mr. Jones occasionally called, to converse with the females, whom he could see nowhere else. The front shop was furnished with articles for sale; and a little room behind it, connected by a door, was the sewing room of the females who made the millinery of the village. As Mr. Jones entered the door of the outer shop, he heard the voice of a female in the sewing room exclaim:—

"Well, don't you think it is very improper for a minister's wife to dress as Mrs. Jones does? Last Sabbath she had two large bows upon her bonnet. I do think it is inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel for Christian people, and especially for ministers' wives, to be given so much to dress. It will do very well for the people of the world, but it is scandalous for Christians to dress in such a manner."

“Why, Mary,” said another, “I was working last week at Mrs. Bentley’s, and she said that she thought it was too bad for Mrs. Jones to dress so meanly. She was finding fault with that very bonnet, and said that Mrs. Jones acted as though she thought there was sin in every pretty color. And you know that Mrs. Bentley is not at all gay in her dress. She says Mrs. Jones is a lady, and it is proper she should dress as one, and she feels provoked to see her assuming such a demure appearance.”

“Well,” replied Mary, “I cannot help what Mrs. Bentley thinks, but I think that a minister’s wife ought to avoid every ornament whatever, and if I have a good opportunity I shall make bold to tell Mrs. Jones my mind upon the subject.”

Mr. Jones was a very unwilling listener to this conversation, and endeavored by walking about the shop to make a noise and attract their attention. But the inmates of the back shop were too much interested in their discussion to hear him. He therefore quietly left the shop, and went on his way. He felt pained at heart to think that there was no possibility of pursuing a course, which some would not make the occasion of confirming themselves in sin. He knew that his wife was ready to do any thing which she thought would promote the spiritual welfare of the people, and he walked along sad and disheartened to see how many obstacles were hedging up his way.

He walked home to his study, and felt discou-

raged rather than animated by his morning walk. He took up his pen to write, but it moved tardily and heavily along the paper, as he thought, "there are not a few of my people who will not be profited by written sermons." He laid aside his pen and endeavored to arrange his thoughts for extemporaneous address. But the ardor and the energy of his mind were paralyzed as he thought, there were not a few who would look with cold disdain upon such efforts, and who would exert an influence upon the minds of others to prevent the possibility of good.

He kneeled in prayer. "Oh God, it is my desire while I live to glorify thee. Wilt thou give me wisdom to pursue that course which is best adapted to do good in this place. My mind is disturbed and disquieted. Wilt thou in mercy soothe it. I am undecided and perplexed. Oh make the path of duty plain. I hope, oh God, that I am willing to bear censure, and to take up the cross; but oh lead me, that I may know what duty is, and that I may not spend my life in vain."

He was here interrupted by a tap at the door. He rose from his knees, and opening the door, admitted a parishioner who had been for some weeks absent from town.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said the new visiter, with a half smiling, half serious countenance. "I have come to tell you the good news from Harlem. I have been there for some time, and they have quite a revival of religion there."

"I thank you," said Mr. Jones; "I understood there was more than usual interest in religion in that place, and have felt anxious to hear from them."

"Oh," said the visiter, "they have a most precious minister there. He is the most faithful and active man I ever saw. He is all the time among his people; from morning to night visiting from house to house. It appears to me that such activity and zeal as he possesses must be successful anywhere. People cannot be unconcerned when the importance of religion is urged so incessantly upon them in their homes."

Now the fact happened to be, that there was no particular interest in religion in Mr. Jones' parish at that time, and he was not in the habit of spending his *whole time* in parochial visiting. He however paid no attention to these *gentle hints*, for he did not consider it necessary to enter upon a defence of his views of duty. His good parishioner supposed therefore that he had been rather too obscure in his hints, and was growing more and more personal in his allusions, when he was interrupted by the entrance of another visiter.

Mr. Henry, who last entered, was a gentleman of sincere piety, and of refined mind. He was fond of close reasoning, and his sensitive feelings shrunk from every departure from good taste.

After the usual salutations, he said, "Well, Mr. Jones, I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Simpkins preach last Sabbath. He certainly is a most eloquent man. I never heard so thrilling a sermon

in my life as he preached to us yesterday. He is a most indefatigable student. You always find him in his study. I understand he generally studies twelve hours a day. And now he has risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country. How wretchedly those ministers mistake it, who fritter away their time in running about from house to house. There is the minister of Harlem, for instance ; they say he is a very friendly man indeed, and talks very pleasantly in the family, but it is no matter what text he takes, he always preaches the same sermon. Some of his people tell me they are going to dismiss him next year, for they must have a more eloquent preacher. After all, the men who live in the study and give all their energies to preparation for the pulpit, are the men who do the most good."

Now the fact happened to be with Mr. Jones, that though he loved his study, he did not feel it to be proper for him to spend his *whole time* with his books. He considered it important to give a considerable portion of his time to parochial visiting.

It may well be supposed that the sentiments expressed by Mr. Henry did not accord with the feelings of the first visitor. They were immediately engaged in an eager dispute. Mr. Jones smiled as he listened a few moments to their contest, and then pleasantly suggested to them the propriety of embracing some other time and place for their discussion.

As they withdrew, Mr. Jones found his own mind lightened of its transient load, and with a cheerful heart he resolved, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would do that which he thought right, and leave others to think and say what they pleased.

A man of independent spirit and of commanding influence, who is devoted to his Master's work, will soon triumph over such difficulties as these, and effectually shield himself from such unpleasant intrusions. But still in almost every parish the evil is to a greater or less degree apparent, and it perhaps necessarily results from the fact that the minister is so immediately dependent upon the people for his support, or rather that the people feel so deep an interest in the influence and the usefulness of their pastor.

There are some churches possessed of funds sufficient to support the minister, and consequently no tax is imposed upon the society. These funds generally originate in the bequest of some individual, who hopes by the establishment of a permanent fund to give permanency to the preaching of the gospel. But in not a few instances, these funds are already perverted to the support of a system of religion directly at variance with that which it was the intention of the donor to sustain. In other cases the fund has been a constant and most fruitful source of contention between the church and society. In other cases the people, in consequence of the sufficiency of the fund, not

being called upon to make any sacrifices to sustain the institutions of the gospel, have lost their interest in those institutions. As they cost them nothing, they regard them as of little worth. In many cases a fund has thus proved a cancer, consuming the vital energies of the church. These societies, being unaccustomed to contribute for the support of the gospel among themselves, instead of manifesting greater liberality than others in the benevolent operations of the day, are frequently in this respect the most inoperative and inefficient societies in the land.

The cases are so rare in which funds for religious purposes are found to be a blessing, that the sentiment has been gaining strength for many years, and is now almost universal, that churches, and even societies for purposes of benevolence, do far better to rely upon the piety of each successive generation for support, than to depend upon permanent funds. If this reliance fail, permanent funds are good for nothing. If it do not fail, it is still better for the church that the resources of the past generation should have been expended in meeting the wants of that generation, and that its energies should not have been retarded by entailment.

The sentiment here is strong, and is daily growing stronger, that the more entirely religion is thrown for its support upon the friends of the Redeemer, the better. We do not desire a church establishment. We do not wish to see our clergy

possessed of any peculiar privileges; to possess rich endowments, or to glitter in the pomp of place and power; for we believe that political power and a princely income would present temptations, almost too powerful for human nature to resist. And though, *if* the Christian minister would use this power and this wealth with singleness of heart to promote the Savior's cause, much good might be done, guided by the experience of past ages, we fear to intrust him with them, lest he should be seduced to indulge in a worldly spirit, and to lay aside the self-denying toil of a servant of Jesus Christ. We wish to see his ambassadors men of faith and prayer, of self-denial and of many labors; we wish to see them men who love their studies and who love their flocks; men who are willing to work hard and endure much, that they may win souls. We wish to see men of vigorous minds and of varied learning, who will lay all their treasures at the feet of Jesus, and in the pulpit and in the dwellings of obscurity preach Christ and him crucified. Such men do not often come from dwellings adorned with the magnificence of wealth or the insignia of power. They are men who, having food and raiment, are therewith content; who, "as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, are ready to endure hardship." The number of such clergymen is continually increasing. Truth being left to the sole defence of argument, the clergy are incited to most diligent study, and to most unwearyed zeal. They cannot throw out random asser-

tions without being called upon for proof. They are compelled by a constant influence from without to look into the intricacies of the subjects they discuss. The people are in the habit of demanding reasons, not assertions, and the acceptable preacher must be prepared with his strong reasons, and be ready to meet objections.

There is no class of students in our country who study half so much as our theological students. While in the theological seminaries, they are continually warned by their fathers who are engaged in active service, that when they come out into the world intellect will be taxed to the utmost; and that unless they come thoroughly furnished, they cannot meet the exigencies of the times.

The Christian minister is aware that he has no advantage over the enemies of the gospel, except as they are the advocates of error, while he is devoted to the cause of truth, and he feels that he must be prepared, by his attainments in science and literature and philosophy, to defend the cause of truth and piety from the attacks of every opponent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVIVAL.

A MORE distinct conception of the cause, progress, and effect of a revival of religion, may be communicated by describing a particular case, than by dwelling upon generalities. We shall therefore proceed to give a minute description of a revival, with which we were permitted to be connected from its commencement to its close.

In the summer of 1831, the churches throughout the whole of the United States were under the influence of very unusually deep religious feeling. The spirit of prayer was general and fervent, and unwearied efforts were made to awaken the community to a sense of their obligations to their Maker. These efforts God most abundantly blessed. Every religious newspaper was filled with the most animating accounts of the numbers that were here and there coming out from the world and taking a decided stand as the friends and the disciples of Jesus.

The means adopted for the promotion of these revivals were a series of religious meetings, like those which are customary upon the Sabbath, but

continued for three or four successive days. It was argued that generally at the close of the Sabbath there was a degree of solemnity upon many minds, which the bustle and cares of the succeeding week immediately effaced; but which would be probably deepened by continuing the attention for two or three successive days, so as to lead to repentance and conversion.

It was observed, too, that as the Holy Spirit operated through, or at least in connection with, human instrumentality, it was the duty of the Christian to use all the means in his power to lead others to reflect deeply and continuously upon their spiritual interest; and that such a series of religious services was peculiarly adapted to awaken rational conviction.

It was said, also, that similar religious services were common among the Jews, and that the primitive and inspired preachers of the gospel preached whenever and wherever they could get people to hear.

These arguments, or more properly the triumphant success which attended these meetings wherever they were held, almost immediately convinced the great mass of Christians in this country of the expediency of these new measures. The few who looked on with timidity and caution were unwilling to utter a word in opposition to measures which were filling the land with rejoicing converts. This land of revivals of religion never before witnessed such a scene of wide-spread and

deep religious feeling. The learned and the unlearned, the moral and the vicious, the poor and the wealthy, were alike convinced of sin, and led to penitence and reliance upon a Savior's merits for salvation.

In a populous town in the interior of one of the New England states, containing about five thousand inhabitants, the state of religion at this time was very unpromising. The two evangelical churches in the town had for several years been engaged in a contention the most disgraceful and the most disastrous. The consequence of this disagreement had of course been to strengthen the influence of irreligion. Christians professing exactly the same creed, and united in the same form of worship, were arrayed in hostility against each other. Brotherly love and united effort were unknown. Under these circumstances it was in vain to hope for a blessing from God. Every day intelligence was reaching these churches of the wonderful interest in religion manifested in other places, and of the union and affection which existed among Christians of every name. These tidings, which contrasted so strongly with the coldness and the desolation of their own religious prospects, led many to humble themselves before God, and to implore his guidance, that something might be done to remove these feelings of unkindness and contention. A few members of the two Evangelical Congregational churches and of the Baptist church, met for consultation and prayer. They

enjoyed the interview and felt like brethren. Their hearts were united. Another meeting was appointed on Sabbath evening, for all Christians without distinction, who felt disposed to unite in prayer. It was to be held in one of the churches. Though the house was far from full, many more attended than had been anticipated. The pastors who were present stood side by side, and plead with their people to unite in love and good works. The Lord appeared to add his blessing upon the effort, for harmony was most manifestly promoted, and the hearts of the few who had there assembled were bound together.

Another meeting was appointed for the next Sabbath evening. During the week the report of this meeting, and of its happy result, was spreading through the town. It became the topic of common conversation, and the enemies of religion began to fear that it would eventuate in the overthrow of their cause. Sabbath evening came. The sun was setting in the serene beauty of one of the most lovely summer afternoons. Instead of seeing here and there a solitary Christian wending his way to the prayer meeting, the avenues to the church were thronged with the multitude pressing on to the house of God. Some were coming with penitent hearts and tearful eyes and fervent prayers, while others were moved by the impulse of curiosity to ascertain what this strange thing meant. The church was nearly filled, and the silence and solemnity which pervaded the con-

gregation showed that deep feelings were called into exercise in the bosoms of those who were assembled.

The meeting was opened by reading and singing a hymn, in which every heart seemed to be united. A member of one of the churches was then called upon to lead in prayer. God had evidently prepared his heart to forget party spirit and sectarian pride, and he thought of but one object—the glory of the Redeemer in the salvation of sinners. As he earnestly implored God's assistance in accomplishing this, by uniting the hearts of Christians and combining their energies, almost every one present seemed to unite in the prayer. Intelligence was then read respecting the rapid progress of religion in other parts of the country; the harmony which prevailed among professors of every denomination, and the success with which God was crowning their efforts. Another hymn was then sung, followed by remarks from one of the pastors, urging upon the hearts of all present the motives of the gospel. The interest of the occasion communicated unwonted fervor to the feelings of the speaker, and by the mysterious influence of mind upon mind, God transferred this fervor through the assembly. Another prayer was offered by a lay brother, followed by additional remarks by another of the pastors. A hymn was then sung, another prayer offered, and then the whole assembly rose to unite in the closing hymn.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

From the commencement to the close of the meeting the tide of feeling was swelling higher and higher, or I should rather say, emotions of humility and of penitence and prayer were penetrating deeper and deeper. As we rose to sing the parting hymn, solemnity pervaded the whole congregation, and many an eye was moistened with tears. Another meeting was appointed for the ensuing Sabbath, and the congregation retired with a sense of the reality and the importance of religion not often felt by them before.

Still there were many professors of religion who had not countenanced these meetings by their presence. But during the week the subject was much talked of, and they heard from their brethren of the enjoyment and the blessedness of

the interview. The careless and the irreligious in the town began to predict from these appearances that there would be a revival of religion, and some rejoiced, hoping to become its subjects, while others were displeased, fearing that a check would be thrown upon their sinful pleasures.

Another Sabbath came, and the house was filled to overflowing. Every seat was occupied, and not a few were standing at the doors, unable to find accommodations in the house. What a change in three short weeks! Before these meetings commenced, coldness and jealousy existed among Christians; carelessness as to religious subjects reigned throughout the town, and religion was too inoperative to excite hostility or even apprehension from those who loved to live undisturbed in sin. Now the great majority of Christians were united in heart, and combining in effort and in prayer. They could sincerely sing—

“ We share each other's joys,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.”

It was not a mere external union, but a real coalescence of feeling, and a unity of purpose. And no one who heard the prayers that were there uttered, and who witnessed the solemnity which there prevailed, could doubt the sincerity which animated the hearts of Christians, and the intensity of their desire that their fellow-men might be saved.

Several who had hitherto lived thoughtless and unconcerned began to reflect and to be alarmed. And as the ministers went, during the week, from house to house, in the performance of their parochial duties, they found in not a few dwellings anxious inquirers for salvation. Christians felt a solicitude for others, and an interest in the cause of Christ, to which they had long been strangers, and they were encouraged to make exertions.

They felt that God had elevated the valley and depressed the mountain, and prepared a highway for his triumphant approach. They thought that now was the time to commence a series of religious meetings to perpetuate, extend, and deepen the impressions already awakened. It was resolved that such a series of meetings should be held, for four successive days, by a union of the three churches. A day was appointed for the commencement of these meetings, about four weeks distant. During the interval the Sabbath evening meetings were continued, with constantly increasing interest and deepening emotion. There were still perhaps a few professors of religion who stood aloof from all these movements, but whoever they were, they had wisdom enough to perceive that opposition would be hopeless. The current of feeling was flowing too deep and too strong to be rolled back.

At one of these Sabbath evening meetings, all of the professors of religion present publicly pledged themselves, by rising from their seats in

the view of the whole congregation, to kneel every night at the bed-side, at the hour of retiring to rest, to pray for a blessing upon the contemplated protracted meeting. Thus the chamber of every Christian, as well as the consecrated house of God, witnessed the fervor of united prayer. That Christian heart must have been cold indeed, which would not melt in such affecting scenes. And many a hardened sinner, while witnessing the interest which others felt for his salvation, and hearing the earnest supplications which they were offering in his behalf to God, was constrained to feel and pray for himself. But there was yet no general anxiety. Many were much interested, and wondering where these things would end. A few were inquiring what they must do to be saved, and occasional cases were found of those who entertained the hope that they had renounced their sins, and given themselves to the Savior.

Such was the state of feeling when the protracted meetings commenced. Several distinguished clergymen in other towns had been invited to aid in the exercises of the occasion. The services commenced with a prayer meeting at five o'clock on Tuesday morning. There was nothing very specially interesting in the meeting. As many were present as could have been expected; prayers were offered by clergymen and laymen, with, occasionally, very brief remarks to Christians upon their responsibilities and duties during the season approaching. The hour passed pleasantly, and all

retired. Public services were appointed at half-past ten in the morning, in the largest church in the town, and the church-members were requested to assemble half an hour before the public meeting in an adjoining church, for conference and prayer.

The prayer meeting was well attended, and much solemnity prevailed. Christians were urged to examine their own hearts with diligence, that they might not be cherishing any feelings, or indulging in any sins, which would stand in the way of a blessing from God. At the appointed hour for public services the church was about two-thirds filled. The exercises were conducted as usual upon the Sabbath: first a short prayer, or rather invocation, then a chapter was read in the Bible, then a hymn sung, then another prayer, which was followed by a sermon; and the benediction, succeeding a short prayer, dismissed the assembly. The services were solemn and impressive, and the congregation dispersed with increased interest to attend in the afternoon. At two o'clock, the church-members had again assembled by themselves for conference and prayer. They were urged to be faithful in secret prayer; to embrace every opportunity to converse with their neighbors, and to induce all whom they could to attend the meetings. At half-past two the public services again commenced. The number of hearers was increased, and the house was nearly filled. At half-past seven in the evening the bell again

rung to assemble the people, and the house was filled. I do not recollect upon what subject the preacher discoursed, but there was a manifest intensity of attention and solemnity of aspect, which taught those who were accustomed to witness revivals of religion to anticipate a favorable issue from the meetings. Thus passed the first day. At its close Christians felt encouraged, but some of the more sanguine were disappointed in not seeing such manifest tokens of the divine presence as they had anticipated.

Wednesday morning dawned. The five o'clock prayer meeting was attended by a large number, and prayers were offered under the influence of deep feeling. The exercises were in the same order as on the preceding day, and continued the same during all the meetings. The following was the order of exercises:—

At five o'clock in the morning, a prayer meeting, one hour.

At ten o'clock, prayer meeting, half an hour.

At half-past ten, public services, two hours.

At two, prayer meeting, half an hour.

At half-past two, public services, two hours.

At half-past seven, in the evening, public services, an hour and a half.

Such was the general arrangement from the commencement to the close. The public service at half-past ten on Wednesday was not so fully attended as was expected, and Christians felt much alarmed for fear the interest was abating,

and that curiosity alone had caused the full meeting of the preceding evening. There was a sense of despondency in almost every heart. The preacher apparently felt dispirited, and did not obtain that hold upon the attention of the audience which had previously been witnessed. It was rather a mournful meeting. As the congregation dispersed, Christians retired to their homes depressed and disconsolate. With saddened hearts they assembled at the afternoon prayer meeting, and the question was urged in addressing Christians and in prayer to God, "why hast thou forsaken us?" Every heart seemed humbled before God, and glowing with intensity of desire that he would come and grant a blessing upon the efforts which his children were making to advance the interests of his kingdom. The peculiar circumstances in which they were placed caused them to sink beneath the burden of responsibility which they felt was placed upon them. It was one of the most solemn and affecting scenes which are witnessed on earth. They believed that the eternal welfare of many was depending upon the result of these meetings. They had been most fervently praying for a blessing upon the whole community. They had been rejoicing in the hope that their own families and beloved friends would be brought to the kingdom of the Redeemer; and now they feared that all their hopes would be blighted; that the meetings would languish to a

feeble and ineffectual close, and that irreligion would be emboldened by the signal failure.

Almost every eye was suffused with tears. Every heart appeared to unite in the most earnest supplication for aid from above. It is not extravagant to say that there was almost an agony of anxious feeling. As the bell tolled which invited the multitude to the house of God, it became necessary to leave the prayer meeting. But Christians went with prayerful spirits, and resolved to continue to implore God's blessing during all the services of the afternoon. The house was crowded. The preacher spoke under the influence of the feelings which were manifested at the meeting for prayer. Silent prayers were ascending to God from all parts of the house for a blessing, and sentence after sentence seemed to come from the speaker's heart, and to take hold of the hearts of the hearers. Every eye seemed fixed upon the speaker; many were filled with tears; and not a few Christians who entered the house weeping with sorrow left it shedding tears of joy.

The evening meeting was crowded. Even the aisles were filled and the doors thronged. And that vast congregation appeared to bow in silence and solemnity to the majesty of truth. Every one perceived that there was a general impression throughout the whole congregation, that the claims of religion were of too much importance to be longer postponed. There is something peculiar, something most indescribably solemn in the ap-

pearance of a vast assembly, all yielding themselves up to the influence of truth. To read the workings of the mind in the countenance; to see the bosom heaving with emotion; the eye swimming in tears,—to see this spread over a whole assembly of those who were, but a few hours before, thoughtless and unconcerned, makes an impression which cannot soon be forgotten. Such was the scene this evening. None seemed prepared for it; and yet the mind was so borne away from the ordinary concerns of life, and the realities of eternity were so vividly presented, that Christians were almost prepared to believe that not an individual in the town could resist the force of truth, the claims of God, so reasonable, and so distinctly made known.

Every domestic altar, that evening, doubtless witnessed unwonted fervor of prayer. And thus in the various domestic circles where prayer was offered was the impression deepened.

When the church-members assembled at the five o'clock prayer meeting on Thursday morning, tidings were communicated from different families and different neighborhoods, of many who were anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. Trembling was united with rejoicing, as thanks were given to God for the blessing already conferred, and as, with deep solicitude, he was implored still more abundantly to bless us.

The forenoon service was well attended. And the conviction of the importance of immediately

attending to the concerns of religion, seemed to penetrate still deeper into the feelings of the assembly. The interests of the soul, the realities of eternity, were pressed upon every mind, and almost every mind surrendered itself to the guidance of these feelings. At the close of the exercises, all those who felt anxious for their souls' salvation, and who were resolved immediately to enter upon the duties of a Christian life, were requested to repair to a neighboring hall for private conversation and prayer.

Notwithstanding the evidence which had been afforded of deep interest, the clergymen present were surprised and affected to tears at seeing nearly three hundred persons, of all ages and both sexes, crowding into the room for inquiry. The clergymen, after going into different parts of the room, to converse, for ten or fifteen minutes, with as many as possible, met together again and reported respecting the general state of feeling. One then addressed them upon the importance of immediately choosing the service of God, and imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit to enable them to carry their resolutions into effect.

There were in this meeting of inquiry persons of all characters and of all classes. The profane man sat there with downcast eye and broken heart. The hardened profligate, who for years had defied the laws of both God and man, asked with trembling and with weeping, "What must I do to be saved?" There sat the man who by error

had long been fortifying his soul against divine truth. The moral and the amiable were there, with full confession of having lived in the world without God and without hope. If it be possible that any external manifestations should give evidence of repentance, there was joy in the presence of the angels of God as they gazed upon the scene.

The afternoon services were attended with still increasing evidences of the divine presence and blessing. There was in the preaching no exciting appeal to passion, but a calm and earnest reasoning upon righteousness and judgment to come. The preaching was eminently instructive and argumentative. It appealed to the understanding, and, in view of eternal and undeniable truth, pressed upon men the claims of God's law. The persons present were not a crowd of the volatile and uninformed, who could be blown hither and thither by every wind of doctrine, but men of sound understandings and independent minds, who were not accustomed to receive assertion for argument, or declamation for truth. They who preached had respect for the understandings of those who heard, and urged upon them with great energy the all-controlling motives of the gospel. The weapon on which they relied was no less than the sword of the Spirit, and the Holy Spirit was present to wield his own weapon with mighty power. And you could at times almost see, as sentence after sentence fell from the lips of the speaker, that conviction was carried home to the

hearts of those who, in such breathless silence, were receiving the truth.

The evening service was attended with like results; and though there was no audible expression of anxiety, though solemnity and silence and order pervaded the house, the speaking countenance and the swimming eye told most plainly the emotions of the heart. At the close of the exercises, when all those were invited to remain for more particular instruction who were resolved to choose the Savior for their friend and take the Bible for their rule of life, it was indeed affecting to behold nearly the whole house, above and below, filled with those who were willing thus openly to profess solicitude for their spiritual interests.

The next day was the fourth and last of these religious meetings. Increasing solemnity was manifested during all the exercises. The truths of the gospel appeared to carry conviction of their reality and importance to all who heard. The preaching and the addresses during the day were directed to the heart through the understanding. They consisted of earnest exhibitions of the principles of the government of God, and the responsibilities of man.

Much has been written upon the subject of revivals of religion, and the enemies of the spirit and the power of the gospel have presented the most exaggerated caricatures of the scenes which are there witnessed. Some persons attended these meetings, hoping to see wild enthusiasm, and to

witness the operation of moral machinery cunningly adapted to excite and terrify the mind. But they were disappointed ; they saw nothing but the plain exhibition of eternal truth, addressed to the understandings of reasonable men. They were still more disappointed in finding that hundreds were feeling the power of this truth ; were looking with well-grounded apprehension upon their eternal prospects, and were anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved.

Does any one ask, “ how was this inquiry answered ? ” The inquirers were told that they must place all their reliance for forgiveness upon the atoning sacrifice of the Savior, and show their penitence for past neglect of duty by constant endeavors for the future to do the will of God. They were told that they must constantly implore the aid of the Holy Spirit to enable them to resist temptation, and to keep their hearts fixed on God ; that they must immediately make the entire surrender of themselves to their Maker, and be ready publicly to avow their attachment to him, and openly to advocate his cause. They were told that a holy life afforded the only satisfactory evidence of a change of heart, and that it was only by enduring to the end that they could be saved.

Many hoped before the meetings closed that they had made that surrender, which they were convinced was their reasonable service. Many of these have thus far continued to give that evidence

of conversion which is afforded by a circumspect and a holy life; and if they shall continue to the end in prayerfulness and in devotion to the Savior's service, we shall trust that they were born again of the Holy Spirit, and that they will be saved. There are a few, and but very few indeed, who for a time appeared well, and yet afterwards fell away.

A prayer meeting at five o'clock on Saturday morning terminated the solemnities of this interesting occasion. Notice was then given that the pastors of the respective churches would be at home during the day, to converse with any who felt anxious for the salvation of their souls. The whole of the day, till nine o'clock in the evening, was passed in conversing with those who called.

One person would come almost in despair, feeling that he had sinned so long, and resisted so much love, that he was beyond the reach of mercy.

Another would come with but little conviction of sin, but deeply impressed with the importance of immediately attending to his religious duty.

Another would appear doubting and hoping, trembling and rejoicing; at one moment happy in the belief that his sins were forgiven, and again desponding through fear that it was all a delusion, and that he was still in the guilt of unrepented sin.

The smile that cheered the countenance of the fourth proclaimed in language more forcible than words, that there was peace and joy in his heart.

The day was employed in endeavoring to adapt instruction to these different cases. A few minutes were spent in free conversation with each, and the interview was closed with a short prayer. On the ensuing Sabbath the evangelical churches of the town were thronged with a most solemn audience. He who opened the heart of Lydia to receive the things which were spoken by Paul, opened the hearts of this people to receive the truth which they had so long disregarded. It was believed by pastors and people, that the Holy Spirit had been sent in answer to prayer, and that it was not by human might or human power, but by God's Spirit, that this work was done.

The revival, thus commenced, continued for several weeks, till gradually the interest subsided, or, in other words, it ceased to extend to new individuals, though religion retained permanent possession of the ground it had won. The general course of procedure during this time was to preach three sermons upon the Sabbath, and at the close of the evening lecture to request inquirers to remain, to be more particularly addressed and prayed with. There was also an evening lecture during the week, and a meeting for inquiry, in which personal conversation was held with each of the inquirers, and on Saturday evening a church prayer meeting, not attended by the pastors of the churches.

There were not less than four or five hundred, who within a few weeks became, it is believed,

the disciples of the Savior. Most of these are now members of churches in good standing. A few, and but very few, have since exposed themselves to church censure.

Such were the means which were used and the results which attended these means. Revivals have for a long time been in extensive operation in this country, long before protracted meetings were thought of by the churches. We have however, preferred to give an account of one in connection with such a meeting, because we were more intimately acquainted with its progress than with any other, from its commencement to its close.

If we ought to rejoice to see the worldly become spiritual, the profane prayerful, the impure chaste; if we ought to rejoice to see the family altar erected, the Sabbath religiously observed, and the commands of God honored; then ought we to rejoice with exceeding great joy over the results of such a revival of religion. If there be any such thing as evidence of penitence and amendment of life, we think it is to be perceived in many who at such a time resolve to forsake all known sin, and to live to the glory of God. We do therefore feel it to be our privilege to share in that joy which we believe was awakened in heaven, as the angels then looked upon this affecting scene of repenting sinners.

CHAPTER V.

S L A V E R Y .

WE are aware that we cannot proceed far in discussing the character of the institutions of New England, or of any other portion of the United States, before our transatlantic readers will begin to remind us of the dark subject of slavery. True there is not a slave in New England. True, also, that congress has no power to touch slavery in any of the states. The Union is in some respects one nation and in some respects twenty-four; and in respect to slavery we are twenty-four nations, distinct and independent. But public sentiment in England will not make the distinction. We explain it over and over again, but our friends of the mother country will not see or acknowledge it; and to tell the honest truth, there is less injustice in the view they take of the subject than we have always been willing to acknowledge. For it must be admitted that such is the nature of the ties by which this confederacy is held together, and so numerous and powerful are the influences of public sentiment and political connections exerted by each section over the rest, that the responsibility

in respect to such a subject as this is, to a very considerable degree, common. At any rate, the British public have shown in many recent instances that they are not disposed to allow us, when speaking of ourselves, to pass this subject by.

When the union was formed by which these states were bound together, they became one nation only in a limited sense. Certain rights and certain powers of jurisdiction were surrendered by the individual states to the general government, while certain others, equally characteristic of sovereignty, were expressly reserved. There has been a great deal of discussion among our political writers on this subject, some endeavoring to elevate the state, and others the general government, in respect to their claims upon the allegiance of the citizens; and it may perhaps be strictly correct to say, that every citizen of the United States belongs to two distinct and independent nations, to each of which he owes his allegiance. An inhabitant of the state of New York, for instance, so far as questions of peace and war and foreign intercourse generally are concerned, belongs to the Union. His chief magistrate is a president; his capital is Washington; and so far as these subjects are concerned, he owes his supreme allegiance to the government holding jurisdiction over them. In respect, however, to the administration of justice, responsibility for crime, tenure of property, and other similar points, he belongs to the state of New York. His chief magistrate is a

governor, and his capital is Albany. Each government is within its own jurisdiction entirely independent of the other, and every citizen owes his supreme allegiance to both, so far as their respective jurisdictions may extend.

Maine has no more to do with the internal polity of Georgia or Carolina than she has with the parliament of Britain, or the government of Russia. The United States congress cannot interfere with the laws of the individual states, any more than she can with the laws of other nations of the earth with whom she is on terms of amity. And here lies one great difficulty of touching the subject; it is an insuperable obstacle in the way of touching it by the power of law. The Carolinas and Virginia would fly to arms as quick if the United States government should interfere with this subject, as would Great Britain if the French government should have undertaken to liberate the slaves in the British West Indies. The United States government cannot move upon this subject without usurping powers which do not belong to her. And it would illy become congress to free the slave, by becoming itself the tyrant. What then has New England to do upon the subject? She cannot in her own state legislatures act upon the laws of the other states. She cannot by her representatives in congress assume powers which the constitution denies her. So that she cannot by legislative action touch the subject at all.

All this is strictly true, unquestionably so; and

from it the absurd inference has been drawn by the apologists for slavery, that New England has no responsibility and no duty in respect to this subject. Because we are cut off from legislative action, it is inferred that no action is practicable or proper ; as if a man's duties in this world, in respect to his influence upon human happiness, were confined to his vote.*

What then can be done ? The chief thing is to enlighten the public mind, and to convince our southern brethren of the necessity of enfranchisement, and to aid in ascertaining the way by which it may be safely accomplished. There is but little difference of opinion on the general subject in New England. All admit the iniquity of the system, the horrors with which it is replete, and the inevitable ruin which must accrue, if the evil be not speedily removed. It is true that different individuals feel with different degrees of intensity upon this subject. Some are so excited and agitated by the appalling facts which are continually brought to light, that they are unable to

* New England has, in one point of view, a *political* right to take an interest in the subject, and to remonstrate as a people against this system. For in case of a servile insurrection carrying fire and blood through the southern states, the citizens of the north must shoulder the musket and march to quell it. Yes ! Our star-spangled banner and our sons of freedom must be arrayed against those who are contending only for their liberty. As in case of such emergency we must thus fight, it surely is not unreasonable that we should be permitted to remonstrate with our brethren against their increasing danger and ours.

reason soberly, or to speak calmly upon the subject. Others fold their arms in the indolent belief that nothing can be done, and that all effort is unavailing.

The enemies of slavery, however, in the northern states, are divided into two parties, the advocates and the opponents of colonization. These parties are marshalled under the names of the Colonization society and the Anti-slavery society. Both profess to be most anxious for the extinction of slavery, and to be pursuing those measures which they believe to be best adapted to promote the speedy and effectual removal of the evil. The colonizationists say, that, by establishing a colony in Africa,—

1. They afford a home for the oppressed and discouraged free blacks, where they can rise to the dignity of real freedom without being kept down by those adverse circumstances which here crush them to the earth. They say the prejudice against receiving the blacks into business and into society is so strong that it is impossible that it should be speedily removed. They admit that these prejudices are vincible by those who wish to overcome them, but insist that they are and will be held by so large a portion of the community, who do not wish and will not wish to give them up, that the idea of placing the negro upon a just and proper footing here is hopeless. They therefore wish to prepare for the race another home.

2. They say that though the great majority of

the free blacks are unwilling to go to Liberia, there are more who are desirous to go than we have ability to send; and that those who are unwilling to go are often prejudiced by the false representations of the colony which its enemies have presented them.

3. They say that by planting a colony in Africa, they open a channel through which any slaveholder may give freedom to his slaves. In many of the slave-holding states the laws will not permit a man to liberate his slaves, and allow them to remain in the state. It promotes disaffection in the other plantations. It would be the height of cruelty, they say, to carry them to the borders of the state, and, ignorant and undisciplined as they are, to turn them penniless upon the world. Most of the slaves, it is said, would plead with many tears against such kindness. It is also alleged that the planters are entirely unable to provide their slaves with the means of subsistence after they are liberated. The Colonization society says to every planter who is ready to liberate his slaves, "We are ready to receive them, and to give them a home in Africa, and to supply all their necessary wants till they are able to sustain themselves." The friends of colonization say that in this way one slave-holder after another is relinquishing his slaves; that the power of example is felt and is spreading; that obstacles are thus removed which otherwise prevent emancipation; and

that thus, by an indirect influence, which is perfectly honest and unobjectionable, the whole system is undermining, and soon must inevitably fall.

Says a gentleman who was a slave-holder, but who has liberated all his slaves and given them a home in Liberia, "Slavery was introduced among us by Great Britain. Slaves were left here in such numbers that a regard for personal safety has induced the respective legislatures to enact laws prohibiting emancipation, except upon condition that the freed man be removed. To violate these laws is not only to incur a penalty, but if the black man is not removed he is sold again into slavery. The question then is, is it better for them to emigrate as freemen, or to remain in slavery at home? If by preventing their going abroad they are retained in slavery at home, who keeps them there? On whom rests the responsibility? The Colonization society has taken the alternative that it is better they should be free abroad; the abolitionists, that it is better to keep them in slavery at home. Let each one decide for himself on which side the guilt or preference lies. I personally know the masters of thousands of slaves who would gladly emancipate them if they could; but their poverty precludes them from sending them away, and the laws do not allow them to remain free at home. Fifty thousand per annum might be emancipated, if the means could be found to convey them abroad. These are facts which, right or wrong in them-

selves, must be taken into the account when testing the question of colonization.”

4. It is also argued that as colonization does not directly touch the subject of slavery, its measures can be pursued in any part of the Union without fear; that you can thus gain access to the mind of the slave-holder, and place before him the many wrongs of the negro; while any more direct interference with slavery by a northern man is regarded by the southerners as an impertinence and an intrusion to which they will not submit; and that by attempting to pursue this latter course we do but harden their hearts, confirm their prejudices, and arouse their hostility.

5. It is said, again, that by planting colonies upon the coast of Africa we do most effectually break up the slave-trade, and that in this way we may soon guard the whole coast, from the Cape to the Mediterranean, from the ravages of those fiends in the shape of men, who have so long been filling Africa with widows and orphans, with tears and blood. They say there is no reason why Africa should not rise as America has risen; and the influence of these colonies will soon fill the land with a free and virtuous and intelligent population. They have confidently hoped to see the English language with all its treasures of wisdom pervading a great portion of that continent. In imagination they see cities and villages rising as by magic through the land; steam-boats ploughing her waves; fertility spread over her valleys, and

flocks and herds feeding upon her hills; the natives reclaimed to God, and incense and a pure offering ascending from every heart.

6. And again it is said the reflex influence of this colony tends to the elevation of the whole African race, not only in the United States, but throughout the earth. This unhappy people in our free states are so spread over the land, and their condition is literally so obscure, that they make no distinct impression upon the public mind. They are emphatically a people scattered and peeled; as a race of men, and in respect to their mental and moral condition, they are lost in the crowd. If we could embody them in one neighborhood, even in all their wretchedness, we should perhaps arouse and concentrate upon them a far greater degree of benevolent attention than they now receive; the object would stand out before us in some distinctive features. This society now takes them out of the great mass where the public eye cannot fix upon them; gives them a distinct existence, "a local habitation and a name;" and this not as slaves, not as degraded hewers of wood and drawers of water; but as freemen, pursuing all the business and fulfilling all the duties of a rational and Christian community. We look on the map of the world for their dwelling-place; we hear of them in their laws, their government and commerce; their citizens come among us as men of trade and business. Who can fail to trace in such circumstances some of the most powerful

of moral causes? They must exert an influence that will be deeply felt.

Again; in this distinct community the demonstration has been made that the African is competent to perform the duties of a freeman. His mind expands as his condition improves. The settlement pleads the cause of freedom with strong and constant emphasis. Its first effect is, to draw forth our sympathies for the black man, not as heretofore, and for long generations, a poor, oppressed, and degraded being, but as the elevated citizen of a government free as our own, favored as our own, and, by the blessing of God, destined to become as populous and great. These sympathies extend themselves over the whole race. Liberia stands the representative of all her people. The most wretched tribe in Africa is raised to a more hopeful condition by this relation. The colored man over the whole earth is reached by this elevating fellowship.

7. The colonizationists defend the feasibility of their plan by such calculations as the following: "The whole population of the United States is estimated at something more than twelve millions of human beings. The relative proportions of white and black population are as ten to two. If we could transport annually to the shores of Africa an amount of black population exactly equal to its increase, (which is about fifty thousand a year,) while the whites were left to multiply uninterruptedly, then at the end of twenty-five years

(the period of duplication) the result would be thus: the white population will have increased to its full amount, and perhaps to a greater, by reason of the vacuum formed in society by withdrawing the increase of the blacks, while the black population, which cannot increase, or rather whose increase is constantly taken off, will be most sensibly diminished, so that the relative proportions between these two classes will no longer be as ten to two, but actually, or nearly, as twenty to two. If this process were continued a second term of duplication, it would produce the extraordinary result of forty white men to two black ones in the country; a state of things in which we should not only cease to feel the burdens which now hang so heavily upon us, but actually regard the poor African as an object of curiosity, and not of uneasiness. This purpose can be effected (always supposing that the demands of the society for transportation will be supplied by voluntary emancipation) by an annual expenditure of one million of dollars. This sum can be raised by a contribution of ten cents a head upon our white population. How paltry the sum! How grand the object! If the attention of all the legislatures of the slaveholding states could be duly awakened on the subject, their appropriations, added to the voluntary offerings of the patriot and philanthropist, would amply meet the requisite expenditure. Why should we doubt it? We hear the evils of slavery echoed from north to south, from east to

west. The universal voice of the nation is heard lamenting the curse which has been entailed upon us by our ancestors without our wish or agency. Is it an empty sound—an idle profession without meaning? Let us not libel the virtue and goodness of our country by so unworthy a supposition; let us strive to make known the principles of our society, and the purposes it seeks to effect; and we may then confidently expect that cheering and animating support which a good cause always receives from a great people.”

Such is the train of reasoning pursued by the friends of colonization in New England. Such are the principles upon which they advocate the cause. And these principles had enlisted in behalf of this society most of the wise and learned and pious of our land.

But within a few years the Anti-slavery society has come before the public, presenting a view of the case very different from the foregoing. They maintain,—

1. That the tendency of the colonization society is to perpetuate slavery. While admitting that many of its friends and supporters at the north are actuated by the most benevolent motives, they still contend that its direct and inevitable tendency is to put far distant the day of emancipation. It is argued that the removal of the free blacks in a great degree removes the occasions of discontent among the slaves, and by thus taking from the planters all fear of insurrection, they are encou-

raged to let the system remain as it is, without efforts for its removal. They say that many planters at the south so understand its tendency, and support it for the avowed purpose of giving them a stronger hold upon the slaves; and that while the agents of the society at the north are showing its tendency to remove slavery, the agents at the south are gaining the favor of the slaveholder by showing how it will confirm his unlawful possessions. It also presents itself as the sufficient remedy for slavery, and thus the consciences of the slave holders are appeased by feeling that they may wait for the tardy operations of this society before they manumit their slaves.

2. It is also said that colonies composed of such ignorant persons as the slaves and free negroes of this country are but poorly adapted to evangelize a heathen shore, and that they will defraud and oppress the natives, and transplant to Africa the vices and crimes rather than the virtues of this civilized land. If we would benefit Africa we must send there educated Christian missionaries, and not empty upon her shores hordes of unprincipled and half-savage men, whose influence we fear at home.

3. The tendency of colonization-measures is to strengthen the prejudices now existing against the colored man in this country. It is said that the colonizationist, instead of endeavoring to overthrow that prejudice, represents it as invincible, and thus leaves the impression upon the minds of the com-

munity that God intended that the black man and the white man should never be associated.

It is also said that the colonizationists confirm this prejudice ; that they represent it as a fixed and unalterable law of our nature ; and that they are under the necessity of doing this that they may have a satisfactory reason for endeavoring to elevate them in another country rather than in our own. “The very *existence* of the society is owing to this prejudice ; for if we could make all the colored people white, or if they could be viewed as impartially as if they were white, what would be left for the Colonization society to do ?”

4. They say the idea of colonizing any considerable part of the American black population upon the coast of Africa is perfectly visionary. The whole number of our colored population is about two millions and a half. They are increasing at the rate of between fifty and sixty thousand a year ; and it is said we may as wisely undertake to empty the ocean by drops, as to make any perceptible diminution of this vast multitude by the feeble influence of colonization.

“The society has been in operation more than fifteen years, during which it has transported between two and three thousand free people of color. While the society therefore have removed less than three thousand, more than five hundred thousand have been born. While two hundred free blacks have been sent to Africa in a year, one hundred and fifty slaves have been born in a

day. To keep the evil just where it is, sixty thousand a year must be transported. How many ships and how many millions of money would it require to do this? It would cost three millions five hundred thousand dollars a year to provide for the safety of our southern brethren in this way! To use the language of Mr. Hayne, it would 'bankrupt the treasury of the world' to execute the scheme. And if so great a number could be removed annually, how would the poor fellows subsist? Famines have already been produced even by the few that have been sent. What would be the result of landing several thousand destitute beings even on the most fertile of our own cultivated shores."

5. And again, that even if it were possible to drain our country of its colored population, the measure would be calamitous, for as citizens they are too valuable to be lost. With our widely extended country it is for our interest to *invite* emigrants, and not to urge our own citizens from our shores. We need the colored population of our southern states as free laborers, to cultivate the plantations. Their constitutions are adapted to the climate, their habits of life to the toil, and it is the height of folly to deprive ourselves of their valuable labor;—labor which, for the present at least, cannot be performed by the white man.

6. It is said that God has frowned upon the colony of Liberia; that vice reigns there unchecked; that pestilence is borne in almost every breeze;

that those who in Liberia testify in favor of the colony are bribed so to do; that those who are silent are afraid to tell of their grievances, for a strong arm is ready to chastise them if they are so presumptuous as to murmur. Vice, poverty, and pestilence are the three great elements of the colony at Liberia, and the man who now engages in the slave-trade is merciful in comparison with him who, knowing the true state of the case, will aid in sending emigrants to Liberia.

For these reasons the Anti-slavery society maintains that colonization is now the greatest obstacle in the way of meliorating the condition of the colored race; that it obstructs the progress of emancipation; and that the first efforts of the abolitionist must be directed to its destruction. These efforts have been made with most untiring zeal, and with no inconsiderable success. Many of the former friends of colonization have now become the foes of that cause. Still at the present moment the great mass of the intellectual and moral worth of the land is decidedly in favor of colonization. The Anti-slavery society has gained, however, during the past year, and is now rapidly gaining converts from this number. Not a few are greatly perplexed respecting their duty. They hesitate in their support of colonization, lest its tendency should be such as its foes most earnestly declare that it is. They fear to oppose this society or to withdraw from it their influence, as they are so strongly inclined to believe that, though it ought

not to be looked upon as a sufficient remedy, yet that its influence is salutary and its results promise to be highly beneficial to the race.

Such is the present state of the public mind in New England upon this agitating question; and society here is agitated upon it to its very centre. The waters of the body politic are troubled. A tempest is arising upon which many are looking with fear and dread. What the result will be He only knows who rides upon the tempest, and who rules the storm. There are not a few who fear that, unless there be some providential interposition, bloodshed must finally ensue. It is seen and universally acknowledged that slavery is the fruitful source of nearly all our national difficulties. This great national sin is continually exciting suspicion and producing alienation between the south and the north. It is the mother of the tariff strife, and the parent of nullification. There is many a northerner who is resolved to give himself no rest till every slave in the land goes free. There is many a southerner who is resolved to see this Union severed, and his wife and his children and himself weltering in blood, before he will submit to northern interference.

The great majority of the people at the north, while they execrate the system of slavery, do not forget that it is an evil which was entailed upon our southern brethren, and not one which they chose for themselves. They know that while there are some who justify slavery, and wish to

see it perpetuated, there are not a few there who are the disciples of Jesus Christ, and who wish to do to others as they would that others should do to them. And while they cannot deny that the former class may richly deserve the calamities which their persevering oppression may ultimately bring upon them, they sympathize with the latter, and regard them as the objects of commiseration, and not of anger. This latter class feel upon the subject of slavery as do many of their brethren at the north, and they are daily praying that the Lord will open the door for the safe and speedy enfranchisement of all the slaves.

The prospect before us is a dark one. Our only hope is in the interposition of that God who has already carried us through so many scenes of danger. Not a few in this land are the self-denying followers of his Son our Savior. Their prayers are daily directed to him, that he will avert the impending calamity. It cannot, it must not be that our country will long be disgraced with so foul a stain. Such a comment upon our declaration of independence, such a caricature of our loud-vaunted freedom cannot long be endured. God is overwhelming us with shame in view of the inconsistency. The clanking of chains is heard at the very doors of our own capitol. The negro-driver cracks his whip as he passes our senators and representatives in the streets of Washington. The husband and the wife, the mother and the child, are sold at public-auction in our

southern cities, and, by the power of the lash, torn from each other's embrace and carried into hopeless bondage, never again to meet. Can such things long exist in a land of Bibles and of Sabbaths and of the preached gospel? At this enlightened period of the world, and in a country feeling, as America does, the influence of the light and the learning and the piety of all other lands, is it possible that slavery in all these its revolting features can long be sustained? Some means must be and will be devised to remove the curse and to let the oppressed go free.

The noble stand which England has taken, with all her heavy burden of debt, in assuming new and heavy responsibilities that the slaves of her colonies may be liberated, has produced an impression in this country which can never be obliterated. It has quickened the zeal of those who were already zealous. It has aroused the slumbering energies of many who have heretofore been dormant. It has given to our country a solitude of eminence in guilt which is far from enviable. When we tore ourselves away from the arms of our venerable mother, the ocean empress, she bequeathed to us this sad inheritance. And we have in some degree felt sustained by the reflection that our slaves were the gift of a mother whom, notwithstanding our little bickerings, we do all most highly revere. And when we have seen that same parent, with all her maturity of wisdom and goodness of heart, fostering the same institution

among her children who have remained submissive to her will, we have felt strengthened by her example. It is natural for children to imitate the parent. But now, when we have seen her confess her fault, and take away from her children the possessions which she had fraudulently obtained, we feel sadly troubled. And she compels us to respect her still more highly, by the magnanimity she shows in fully remunerating her children for the gifts she feels in conscience bound to take away.

Anti-slavery agents and colonization agents are now traversing New England. Conventions are called, auxiliaries formed, addresses delivered, and collections without number taken up. Excitement is pervading the community, and ere long, probably, the whole country from Maine to Florida will direct their attention to the black population. At many of the public meetings upon this subject, negroes are brought forward to make addresses. Some persons are employing them by preference in mechanical labor, hoping thus to elevate them above those most menial services in which they have hitherto been employed. The tide of public feeling is turning, and strongly turning, in their favor. But it is to be feared, not only from the tendency of human nature, which is to extremes, but also from the lengths to which many have already gone, that the negroes, unaccustomed almost to civility, will be exceedingly elated and injured by this sudden and marked attention.

They are not prepared to be at once drawn from their humble homes, and to be honored with marks of attention, which whites of their condition and standing in society would not receive.

Is it asked, in what proportion is New England at present divided, as to colonization and anti-colonization? We reply, that a very large proportion of the clerical and civil and political influence, comprising most of the moral and intellectual worth of the New England states, is now on the side of colonization. Upon the Sabbath preceding the anniversary of our national independence, from almost every pulpit its claims have been urged, and a collection received from the congregation in its favor.

The Anti-slavery society is comparatively small and uninfluential as to the character of its leaders. But it is advancing with great rapidity. Every day witnesses its triumphs. Every movement augments its ranks. Every appeal increases its converts. And though we do not now know of an individual in New England of celebrity as a Christian or civilian who advocates its claims, its principles are still daily gaining conquests over minds of higher and higher orders, and it is already a most formidable opponent of colonization. Judging from the results of the past year, it would not be strange in our view, (though it would perhaps in that of others,) if in two years it should in numbers and in influence outstrip the Colonization society.

There are of course in New England, as everywhere else, individuals who are wrapt up entirely in their own selfish interests, and care nothing for this subject, or any other which relates to the wrongs of the oppressed. These generally sneer at the efforts of both the above-mentioned societies. But their number is diminishing. There is too much light to be shut out. Conscience speaks too loudly to be silenced. Facts most appalling and frightful are continually spread out before the community, and we know that in view of them the finger of scorn, from many a nation of the earth, is justly pointed at our boasted liberties. The slave-dealer goes unmolested in the land. The mother is robbed of her child and there are none to pity. The clanking of chains is heard upon the persons of men who have committed no crime. The lash falls upon the bleeding backs of men, women, and children, exposed to the irresponsible fury of a passionate driver. The virgin is violated, and there are none to rescue and none to heed her complaint. The press begins to lift its voice in louder and still louder thunders; the pulpit begins to plead more earnestly; the mind of the community is roused, intensely roused; and it will not again be quieted till the year of jubilee has come, and the slaves go free.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE INSURRECTION.

It may interest some of our readers to look a little more particularly at American slavery. We will not attempt to go into statistical detail, nor to present any elaborate discussion of the nature and tendencies of the system. We will however give our readers a picture,—lift the curtain, as it were, for a moment, that the spectator may see for himself what slavery is.

On the 21st of August, 1831, a very alarming insurrection took place among the slaves of Southampton county, Virginia. A slave by the name of Nat Turner was the leader in this insurrection. Impelled by the belief that he was divinely called to be the deliverer of his oppressed countrymen, he succeeded in fixing the impression upon the minds of two or three others, his fellow-slaves. Turner could read and write; and these acquirements gave him influence over his associates. He however was possessed of but little information, and is represented as having been cowardly and cruel. About midnight after the Sabbath of the 21st of

August, Turner, with his confederates, burst into his master's house, and murdered every one of the white inmates. They were armed with knives and axes, and in order to strike terror into the whites, most shockingly mangled the bodies of their victims. Neither helpless infancy nor female loveliness was spared. They then, by threats of death, compelled all the slaves to join them who would not do it voluntarily, and, exciting themselves to fury by ardent spirits, they proceeded to the next plantation. The family were reposing in the sound and quiet slumbers which precede the break of day, as the shouts of the insurgents fell upon their ears. It was the work of but a moment, and they all were weltering in their gore. Not a white individual was spared to carry the tidings. The blow which dashed the infant left its brains upon the hearth. The head of the youthful maiden was in one part of the room and her mangled body in another. Here again the number of the insurgents was increased by those who voluntarily joined them, and by others who did it through compulsion. Stimulating their passions still more by intoxication, and arming themselves with such guns as they could obtain, some on horseback and others on foot, they rushed along to the next plantation. The morning now began to dawn, and the shrieks of those who fell under the sword and the axe of the negro were heard at a distance; and thus the alarm was soon spread from plantation to plantation, carrying

inconceivable terror to every heart. The whites supposed it was a plot deeply laid and widely spread, and that the day had come for indiscriminate massacre. One gentleman, who heard the appalling tidings, hurried to a neighboring plantation, and arrived there just in time to hear the dying shrieks of the family, and the triumphant shouts of the negroes. He hastened in terror to his own home, but the negroes were there before him, and his wife and his daughters had already fallen victims to their fury. Thus the infuriated slaves went on from plantation to plantation, gathering strength at every step, and leaving not a living white behind. They passed the day till late in the afternoon in this work of carnage, and between sixty and seventy individuals fell, the victims of their rage. The population in this county is not dense, and rapidly as the alarm spread, it was impossible for some time to collect a sufficient number to make any defence. Every family was entirely at the mercy of its own slaves. It is impossible to conceive of more distressing circumstances of apprehension. It is said that most of the insurgent slaves belonged to kind and indulgent masters, and consequently no one felt secure. Late in the afternoon, a small party of whites, well armed, collected at a plantation for defence. The slaves came on in large numbers, and, emboldened by success, they at first drove back the whites. The slaves pressed on, thirsting for blood and shouting with triumphant fury, as the whites

slowly retreated, apparently destined to be butchered with their wives and their children. Just at this awful moment a small reinforcement arrived, which turned the tide of victory and dispersed the slaves.

Exhausted with the horrible labors of the day, the insurgents retired to the woods and marshes to pass the night. Early the next morning they commenced their work again. But the first plantation they attacked they were driven from by the slaves of the plantation, who rallied around their master and most fearlessly hazarded their own lives in his defence. By this time the whites were collected in sufficient force to prevent their further progress. The fugitives were scattered over the county in small parties, but every point was defended, and wherever they appeared they were routed. Many were shot, others taken prisoners, and the insurrection quelled. The leader, Nat Turner, for a few weeks succeeded in concealing himself, but at length was taken and suffered the penalty of the law.

The following letter gives an account of the state of feeling produced in the community by this insurrection. It presents a vivid and most affecting picture of the state of society at the south, and shows that, where there is oppression, the providence of God so orders it, that sorrows shall fall upon the oppressors as well as the oppressed. The letter is a real one, transcribed from the original, as it was sent to his correspondent

at the time, by the writer, who was an eye-witness. It is now for the first time made public.

“CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 6, 1831.

“To ———, Esq.

“Sir,

“Some months ago, when I was enjoying the pleasure of your company and conversation, you expressed a very kind interest in my journeying, and desired me to communicate to you any interesting intelligence that might come in my way.

“For the last six or eight weeks I have been an observer of many scenes of most painful interest, and of *one general character*; and I have long been resolving to improve my first respite from debility, in making them the subject of communication to some of my friends at the north.

“When I left Boston, in August, I went out from my own home, scarcely knowing whither I went, excepting that I intended to spend the remainder of the warm weather at the Virginia springs. But whither from them I might be led, I knew not. I there met and formed an acquaintance with a very kind friend. As the watering season was about to close, he, with great kindness, invited me to accompany his family home, offering me a seat in his carriage or on his saddle, as might be most agreeable to my health and enjoyment. Thus has my kind heavenly Father provided for me, and has led me by this journey through scenes of excitement and suffering, which have made me feel in a

manner I never did before the unhappy and deplorable state of society in this southern country. While the circumstances of my journey thus far have been most favorable to the improvement of my health, they have also been, perhaps, as well calculated as they possibly could be to give me a correct idea of the real state of things before and since the sad tragedy at Southampton. Perhaps one reason why I have thus been led, may have been to correct my impressions and increase my information on this great subject, in order that I may be useful to our friends in our own section of the country, or to our suffering fellow-citizens in this. For it seems to me, that affairs are now in such a crisis, that this business of slavery must inevitably soon become one of overwhelming interest to the whole community, north, south, east, and west.

“The course of our journey was up the valley of Virginia, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany, through a portion of East Tennessee, the upper part of North and South Carolina, and thence through Columbia to Charleston.

“It so happened that in commencing our journey we fell into the first wave of excitement and alarm that spread from Southampton over the whole southern country, and we were borne upon it almost the whole distance. I never before had witnessed any thing from which I could form in my own mind, or convey to that of others, any suitable idea of *public terror and distress*. Since witnessing these scenes I have been as much at a

loss to know *how* to write upon the subject as desirous to write something.

“In this letter I have thought it best to give you some description of my journey, as the subject will thus be presented to your mind just as it came to my own, and you will be better able to judge whether the conclusions at which I have arrived are correct or erroneous. It is my desire, however, to state *facts*, and not *opinions*.

“This insurrection has opened many eyes and loosed many tongues. The subject has everywhere been one of all-absorbing interest, and the general topic of conversation, in almost all its bearings and relations.

“The occurrences at Southampton were known at the springs some time before we left them. But they are so remote from any considerable village or settlement, and the number of blacks in the mountains is so small, that there could be no occasion for alarm or apprehension there. Every successive mail, however, brought pain and distress to many visitors, and as these were assembled there from all parts of the state, those who belonged in the neighborhood of the troubles, or who had friends there, were in constant anxiety and suffering. In some of the little cabins, or small one-story houses at this place, there were aching hearts through fear of a similar massacre at the springs. There was, however, so little ground of apprehension there, that the fear was confined almost exclusively to ladies. In some instances

the rustling of the wind or the cracking of the fire was magnified, by a frightened imagination, into the bustle of banditti or the snapping of pistols. A cluster of houses would be roused by the alarm of some timid female, and all the gentlemen who could be spared from other cabins would be gathered together to pacify and guard her. But, generally speaking, there was very little alarm at the springs. The suffering there was mostly in anxiety and sympathy, on account of others at a distance.

“We commenced our journey, not expecting to meet any thing like *alarm* or *fear*, for the universal opinion was that the proportion of slaves and free blacks in the mountainous parts was so small, that there could be no possible ground for any such anxiety. But when we had approached within a few miles of Fincastle, the first little village in the valley through which we were to pass, we were met by the question, ‘Have you seen general Nat? He was along this road this morning; two men met him, but he got away.’

“The report spread like wild-fire. No doubt he was trying to get into Ohio. He would stir up a trouble in that country, burn Fincastle, and massacre its inhabitants. The whole village was in alarm. A large patrol was organized to scour the streets from nightfall till daybreak, while the villagers, men, women, and children, trembled on their pillows. One afternoon, a day or two after we left, a poor sick negro was lying in his hut a

few miles from the village. A man rode by, and heard the cry which the pain of a blister or some painful applications extorted from him. The traveller started his horse at the top of his speed for Fincastle. It was the shout of the insurgents. They were coming on, he saw them, some fifty or a hundred, and all would be lost. The whole town was in arms. The women all collected in the largest and strongest houses to cry and scream together. Thus passed the night.

“It was necessary for me to leave our party for a few days, to go to Lynchburg, which was a little out of our route. My friends were to go on a day or two, and then wait for me at Botetourt springs. I was accordingly hastening on towards Lynchburg in the stage, and when we were within about ten miles, we stopped for the relay of horses. I stepped into the house to warm me, when I found every thing in apparent disorder, and every countenance indicating fatigue and mental suffering. The good lady received me at once with the greatest kindness. She apologized for the appearance of her rooms, saying, that they had all been in such a state for the last twenty-four hours, that they had hardly thought about their houses or their meals. They had been trying to save their lives. It appeared that a report had reached them, stating that the slaves in Halifax county had risen, and completely triumphed over all the white force that could be brought against them. That about fifteen hundred of

them were marching in a body for Lynchburg, butchering men, women, and children, as they went. That Lynchburg had despatched as large a military body as their own safety would allow them to spare, for the relief of their neighbors in Halifax. That Lynchburg was in a dreadful state of excitement, the whole town in perfect confusion ; that the neighbors in the vicinity where she lived had deserted their dwellings, and clustered together in a large brick house belonging to one of their number, to pass the night, if possible, in safety. There was no such thing as sleeping, and some of the females were almost crazed with terror. And the looks of the young ladies and children around her room told well that her tale was true.

“Of course, I anxiously looked for our arrival at Lynchburg, and, on entering the town, found the troops parading the streets, and every thing confirming the impression which I had received, that the whole population had been in a state of most distressing alarm. I do not think it possible for me to convey an adequate idea of the dreadful fear which agitated this village. Men, women, and children, *whites* and *blacks*, *slaves* and *free*, were alike sufferers, though from different causes.

“I arrived at Lynchburg on the first or second day after the alarm, and was very unexpectedly detained there *four* days longer than I had intended to remain.

“I ought perhaps to say, before proceeding any

farther, that Lynchburg is, next to Petersburg, perhaps the most important inland town in the state. It contains, I think, about two thousand inhabitants; I do not know in what proportion of white and black. I arrived there on Thursday afternoon, intending to spend the Sabbath, and leave in the Monday morning stage at four o'clock, but was detained till the following Thursday.

“Some of the conversations I had with the inhabitants illustrate the actual operation of slavery here better than any general description I can give.

“‘Well, Mr. —,’ said a lady to me, ‘were it not for my husband, I would not stay here another day. But he says his business keeps him here. I should be willing to go and leave every cent of property. ’Tis such a way to bring up my children. Why, if you have slaves, you must make them do all the work. If you suffer children to do any thing, it spoils them both. And if the children grow up in idleness, why, you know they are never good for any thing. As long as you have slaves, you must make them do the work; there is no other way.

“‘When it comes night, to see my husband, when we retire, take down the gun, pull off the case, see to the flint, and set it at the side of his bed,—it makes my heart ache. Mr. —, what would you do in case you were attacked?’

“‘I hardly know, madam; and yet I have thought of the subject, and have endeavored to

ascertain what my duty would be, that I might be prepared to act in an emergency, and not have to deliberate how to act when the time came.'

" 'What do you *think* you should do?'

" 'If I had presence of mind enough to act according to my convictions, it is my impression that I should use no violence.'

" 'This conversation was entirely unexpected to me, and I endeavored, for obvious reasons, to avoid it. I saw by the lady's countenance that it was a very serious subject to her.

" 'Notwithstanding my efforts to turn the conversation, she pressed me for an answer. My reply was, that so far as I understood the gospel, I could not find in the precepts of our Savior, or in his example, or in that of any of his apostles, sufficient warrant to allow me, in any circumstances, to take away life.

" 'The lady's pastor was present during this conversation, and he concurred with me in this opinion. The lady seemed a little agitated at what her pastor said, and looking earnestly at him, and then at one or two sleeping children, asked,

" 'Why, sir, do you think it can be my duty to see my children tortured and butchered, and not defend their lives by the sacrifice of my own or any other?'

" 'The pastor gently intimated that she could look to a safer teacher of duty than to her infant in the cradle. She replied with earnestness, and in a lower tone of voice,

“ ‘Mr. P., I want to ask you, if you could stand here, and look on, and see my children killed, and not *help me* defend them.’

“ ‘That is not the question,’ he answered, gently. ‘The way to decide it is, what does the Lord Jesus Christ say?’

“ ‘Well,’ she continued, ‘I cannot believe that it *can be* our duty to stay and see our families massacred, and not defend ourselves.’

“ ‘Perhaps,’ added Mr. P., ‘it is *not your duty* to stay, but to get up out of this land of abomination. I don’t know but that Providence intends to show us, that we ought to go away.’

“ I conversed, a few days since, with a gentleman of active and efficient character, and practical Christian benevolence, whose heart and hand are in every good work. He feels the evil of slavery, and professes himself willing to do any thing in his power to alleviate or remove it. Some of his slaves have been sent, at his own expense, to Liberia. Others are not willing to go. He cannot free them, and allow them to remain in the state. Many of his friends are in the same situation. They cannot send them to Liberia against their will,—they cannot be set free at home. Shall they sell them for the New Orleans market, when the slaves beg and entreat that they may not be sent there? Having given this view of his situation, he reads an extract in a northern paper, the spirit of which is, ‘General Nat is a benefactor of his race. The Southampton massacre is an

auspicious era for the African. The blood of the sixty men, women, and children, shed by the sword and the axe, in the hand of the negro, is a just return for the drops which have followed the master's lash.'

" 'Now,' says he, 'this grieves me. I know that all our brethren at the north do not feel just as that article would represent them. But this is a religious paper, which many of us love. Our neighbors, however, who are men of the world, say to us, "*There is your religion, northern religion, sending papers out among us to excite our slaves to rise upon us at midnight, and butcher us all.*" We cannot take such a paper; it is not safe. People around us, our citizens, will not tolerate it. Now there were about a dozen of us who took this paper, and this article has set the whole town against it; and as religion has to bear it all, we wrote a calm and Christian letter to the editor, and told him that we could not receive his paper, in safety to our wives and children, if he published such sentiments. Servants in the family get hold of them, and in most of the religious families they are taught more or less to read the Bible, and of course can read other things.'

" A lady gave me this account of Lynchburg, at the time the alarm reached them. There was a general rush of the inhabitants to the court-house, which is, in all the southern country, the rallying point of the village. Men, women, and children, of all classes, sick and well, shut themselves up,

while the stronger, who have arms, sat around them for defence. You can imagine better than I can describe what a night of sleeplessness and terror such a collection must have passed. The shrieks and cries and prayers of the terrified women and children will not soon be forgotten there. The cessation of all business, the seizing and examining of suspected slaves, the noise of military movements, the distress of families whom sickness and peculiar circumstances prevented from gathering with the multitude at the court-house, the terror which alarmed the blacks equally with the whites, for, in case the town was attacked, they knew that the first step towards self-defence which the whites must take, would be to put *all the slaves* to death—all these things, and innumerable others, concur in making the day of the alarm at Lynchburg to be remembered as long as the massacre which gave rise to it. I cannot describe even the impression made on my mind at hearing what I did. It is impossible. It is more than two months ago, and much has been forgotten, but the impression *remains*.

“I have tried to give you some idea of Lynchburg, but I know it is faint. This, however, is just what was witnessed and suffered in almost every village through which we passed from Lynchburg to Charleston. Sometimes we were in the midst of the alarm, sometimes one night before or behind it. Once our party thought it advisable to go a little out of our course, to avoid spend-

ing the night in Jonesborough, because the night before the whole place was in most violent agitation from this cause. About twenty negroes had been imprisoned; three had been shot, not fatally, however, in the effort to arrest them. Of course, I had nothing to do or say in any such arrangements. They consulted with me in making the change in our course, and it was easy to see *their* apprehensions, while nothing was lisped by any one to let their families know why the change was made.

“At Greenville, N. C., the scene of Lynchburg was acted again, and, if possible, in aggravated circumstances. Many persons in the outskirts of the village, hearing of the alarm which was spreading around them, started at night with their families, and whatever of the valuables they could take in the carriage, to ride all night to some place of safety.

“One lady, whose name was given to me, called her servants into the parlor, in the presence of her minister, and, in spite of all the expostulations of her pastor, fell upon her knees before them, and begged them to defend her life. She could not be pacified until the reverend gentleman was placed as the footman on the carriage, with a drawn sword in his hand, while her most trusty servant drove them with all possible speed, almost all night long, to a place of safety. It was all a false alarm; and, indeed, every alarm, *without exception, that I heard of, was unfounded.* In one

case, a whole county was thrown into confusion by a man's hearing the discharge of musketry on a review day. Spurring his horse to the utmost, he carried the report that the negroes had risen. It was soon spreading like wild-fire over the county. Every one added a little, until it was magnified into a story too absurd and ridiculous to be believed, and, at length, some one discovered the cause of the alarm.

“ ‘One morning,’ said a gentleman in Columbia to me, ‘after the great alarm in this place, I called my servants up, while we were all at breakfast, and told them the real state of things, what the servants had done at Southampton, and what Dr. B——’s servants had done in defending their master. “Now, John,” said I, (John was his principal servant, and a very smart young man,) “suppose the blacks should rise; would you defend us, or join them?” John hesitated a moment, and then replied, “I think I should join them.” ’

“This gentleman was, I suppose, one of the best of masters, and did a great deal to promote the temporal and future happiness of his servants. And all the family had unlimited confidence in John and in the others. But after this, not one of the family could ever feel easy while the father was out. At night, if one went to meeting all must go; none dared to stay at home.

“But I have extended my letter already to an unreasonable length, and must close for the pre-

sent, though I may, perhaps, at some future time, address you another communication on subjects connected with those I have brought forward now."

CHAPTER VII.

HOLYDAYS.

THANKSGIVING.

A custom has been transmitted to us from our Puritan fathers, of setting apart a day at the close of the harvest for thanksgiving and praise. It was originally intended as a purely religious festival, and as such it was most sacredly and solemnly observed. In modern times, it has lost a little of the solemnity with which it was regarded by our ancestors, and has assumed a more social, and we fear a gayer and more thoughtless aspect. Still the day is generally observed with much external propriety.

Late in autumn, when all the fruits of the field have been gathered in, the governor of the state, with the advice of his council, issues a proclamation, *recommending* to the inhabitants the observance of a stated day for thanksgiving and praise to God for the blessings of the season. The day appointed is generally about the middle of November. The week before its arrival, all the families of the state begin to collect the various good

things at their command, in preparation for the thanksgiving feast. Their art of cookery is tasked to its utmost. The oven groans with puddings and pies, and there is universal rejoicing, save in the poultry-yard.

It is customary upon these occasions for those who are in comfortable circumstances to remember the poor. Those who are unable to provide a thanksgiving feast for themselves, receive supplies from the benevolence of their neighbors. We well remember the feelings of delight and gratified pride which swelled our young bosoms, while carrying to the poor and solitary widow, or to the unfortunate and needy family in our neighborhood, the basket filled by our mother's kindness with all the dainties appropriate to that joyous season.

At length the happy morning is ushered in. It will not do to mar the appetite for the dinner, by indulging in a bountiful breakfast. The morning repast is frugal, and yet the appetite is excited by some little foretaste of what is to come. The shops are all closed, and the general appearance of the city and of the village is nearly that of the Sabbath. In the distant fields, not a few are found who desecrate the day by entire devotion to amusements. The bowling alley is thronged by dissolute loungers. The idle and the dissipated congregate for field sports and shooting matches, and pass the day in deeds of cruelty and of sin. But the more orderly and reputable part of the

community remain at their homes, endeavoring to improve the hours in sincere and heartfelt thanksgiving to their Maker.

At eleven o'clock the bell rings for public worship. The people then, in accordance with the recommendation of the governor and his council, assemble in their churches. By much previous exercise the choir are generally prepared with the best music they are able to furnish. The officiating clergyman commonly takes this opportunity to present some topic of a national character, and to enforce upon his congregation attention to their political duties. Those subjects which he would hardly feel at liberty to discuss in the pulpit on the Sabbath, he avails himself of this opportunity to present.

About one o'clock, the congregations are seen leaving the churches and repairing to their homes, to meet around the festal board. There they *all* meet; for the absent members of every family, on this day of rejoicing, come back again, if possible, under the paternal roof. The son who is absent at school or at college, the apprentice and the clerk, come home to pass thanksgiving with their parents. The daughter who is married, and has removed from her native town, returns with her husband and her little ones, to sit down once more at her father's table. Relatives and friends endeavor on that day to meet and renew past friendship, and tell their tales of weal or woe. The silent tear is not unfrequently seen in the eye, as memory

points to one who a year before was seated at the table and enjoying the precious interview, but who now is among the dead. It is a kind of record-day, in which the past is reviewed, and in which the heart is refreshed by new tokens of friendship. Assembled at the table and partaking of its bountiful provision, the heart of the worldly man is elated with pleasure, and that of the Christian glows with gratitude. The one makes it the occasion merely of rejoicing; the other of thanksgiving. The one perhaps sits down at the table and rises from it without any expression of gratitude to his Maker; the other offers to God the incense of a grateful heart.

At the close of the dinner, the formal religionist, who thinks he has done his duty by attending church, goes out for amusement, by riding or walking. The Christian, mindful that it is a day for thanksgiving to God, assembles in the parlor the circle of domestics and of friends for devotion. The thanksgiving hymn is read, and the voices of the family are heard in the sweet cadences of the hymn, as they melt away in the consecrated dwelling. As the sun goes down the evening prayer is offered, and grateful hearts beat happily, in anticipation of an eternal meeting, and an eternal scene of thanksgiving, in the heavenly world. The evening is passed by the older members of the family in conversation, and by the children in those animating sports which diffuse such joy around the

evening fireside. Such is a New England thanksgiving; perverted by many, but a blessing and a comfort to not a few.

FAST DAY.

In the spring of the year, there is a corresponding day set apart, by recommendation from the governor and council, for fasting, humiliation, and prayer. The dissipated and thoughtless make it a day of festivity. The serious resort to the church as on the Sabbath, and endeavor to humble themselves before God, and implore his blessing upon the labors of the husbandman and the fruits of the season. We need not remark that it is not so popular a day as is thanksgiving. It is, however, generally observed with a good degree of propriety. When it is with sincerity observed, it must prove, at least, an individual blessing. And He who heareth the prayers of his people has undoubtedly, in answer to these prayers, caused the sun to shine and the rain to fall, even upon those who will not call upon his name, and who will not acknowledge their dependence upon his power. Still there are not a few who feel that not much is gained by even so remote a connection between the church and state, as is implied in the appointment of these days. They would prefer to have ecclesiastical bodies appoint their own seasons for penitence and for praise, and would thus hope that the Majesty of heaven would not be insulted, by

the multitude converting a day professedly set apart for humiliation and prayer, into one of festivity and sin.

FOURTH OF JULY.

One of the most important gala days, not only in New England, but throughout the whole of the United States, is the anniversary of our national independence. It is said that more blood has been shed in *celebrating* the battles of the revolution than was ever poured out in any one of those battles. It is the surgeon's carnival. The day is ushered in by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, long before the sun appears; the slumbers of the morning are disturbed by the deafening peals of the one and the multitudinous din of the other. Boys, in vagrant troops, wander through the streets, firing their mimic guns, and exploding crackers; and if so fortunate as to get a drum or a good sounding tin pail, the morning air rings with their martial strains.

As soon as the first gray tints of the morning streak the eastern sky, all is noise and confusion. One man, to express his joy, is pulling upon a bell-rope; another is driving home the cannon's charge, endeavoring to manifest his triumphant feelings by the loudness of the report. There is a portion of every community who have but little respect for themselves, and who are not burdened much with the respect of others. These, everywhere and under all circumstances, think

happiness consists in making loud noises. Their screams are heard in the midnight orgies of the grog shop. Their huzzas are sounded in the streets. These are the men who pull at bell-ropes and discharge cannons, because they are glad, or want to be glad.

The more orderly part of the community endure, as patiently as possible, these heathenish noises. After the sun rises there is a little respite from noise, but a gathering and confusion of the multitude in the streets. As families assemble around the breakfast table, they come prepared for the tale of accidents which have occurred.

"Father," says a little boy, who has ventured out into the yard to see the strange things which are going on, "Mr. Bent was firing a gun this morning, and it split and tore his face all to pieces; a man who went by just now said that the doctor thinks he cannot live through the day.

"And upon the hill where they were firing the cannons, a man was ramming down the load, and it exploded suddenly, and blew both of his arms off."

This is quite a moderate chapter of accidents, but similar events are interspersed through the scenes of the day. As the gun-firing, bell-ringing, and vociferating multitude become warm by exercise and excited by rum, caution is forgotten, and casualties are multiplied.

As the breakfast hour passes away, the roll of the drum is heard upon the village common or in

the place of rendezvous of the city, and the citizen soldiers, in their volunteer uniform, are seen moving from different parts of the city or village to the place of parade. Men and boys are collecting, and wagon-loads of spectators, with wagon-loads of eatables, are rapidly congregating. In the country village, not a few of the farmers' wives and daughters are found with their husbands or gallants, helping them "keep independence." Sometimes a liberty-pole is erected, around which they rally and drink to the prosperity of their country, but to the ruin of themselves, their families, and their farms. Not a few of our statesmen have yet to learn that national prosperity is not to be advanced by individual dissipation and family woe; that love of country is to be promoted by filling the land with fertile farms and happy homes, and not by encouraging unearthly shouts, the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon.

The military company parades the streets, and the peaceful citizen, in the almost burlesque dress of war, treading to the measured music of the drum and the fife, allures the inmates of every dwelling to the window, to admire his nodding plume and glittering sword. All the boys in the village flank the musicians, gazing with wonder upon the skill of the drummer, who is to them the hero of the day. The sober citizen leads out his child to amuse him for a half hour with the glittering scene, and then returns to his home.

Eleven o'clock arrives. It is the hour for a

"fourth of July oration." The bell rings. The multitude assemble to walk in procession to the meeting-house. The drum rolls more rapidly, and the fife whistles more merrily than ever, as the citizen soldiers at double quick step perform the duty of escort. Every muscle is in motion, every heart beats quick, and every cheek smiles, as the animating strains of our national air come merrily from the band.

We know not what the lovers of fun would do, without good old "Yankee Doodle." It is the universal favorite upon every occasion of public rejoicing. Its enlivening melody has an electric influence upon the crowd. Whenever and wherever it is heard, it is greeted with applause. And especially upon the anniversary of our national independence, it will dispel the most inveterate frown that ever became naturalized upon an American brow.

When the procession arrives at the meeting-house, it is found that the galleries and the side pews are already filled with females and children. At length, all are seated. A prayer is offered by the clergyman of the village, who by request officiates as the chaplain of the day, and the lawyer or the physician, or more probably some law-student of the place, entertains the audience with an hour's oration. In ninety-nine cases in the hundred no one is interested but the orator himself. The boys want to be out at their sports, the soldiers are impatient to continue their display, the

lover of a good dinner is thinking of roast beef and plum pudding, which are in a state of preparation at the adjoining tavern, and of the wine, which flows freely as water when the cloth is removed. The ladies did not come to hear, but to see. And the few who, from a sense of propriety, endeavor to put on at least the semblance of attention, take it for granted that nothing new can be said in a "fourth of July oration," but that patriotism demands of them patiently and meekly to submit to the infliction.

At length the weary hour is gone, for even a "fourth of July" oration cannot compel time entirely to stop, though it very perceptibly clogs her wheels. The drum and the fife again are heard, as though rejoicing at their release from compulsory silence. The multitude crowd from the house with the avidity of schoolboys at the close of a weary summer's afternoon. The village paper, at its next appearance, gives a brief notice of the thrilling eloquence of the orator, and of the enchained attention of the audience. From the meeting-house, the wives and the children go home to their solitary meals, while the husbands and the elder sons resort to the public dinner-table at the neighboring tavern.

The dinner-hour passes, as all such scenes have from the beginning, with but little of comfort, and still less of enjoyment. The cloth is removed. The wine glitters in the decanters, and a gentleman rises from some part of the table to read the

toasts which have previously been prepared. Then comes the applause.

We will not stop to give a description of modern plaudits. Every one knows that they consist of a combination of all the heathenish noises that can be made. Many of our readers will consider us very odd and old-fashioned, when we declare that we never could find any amusement in stamping upon the floor, beating the table, and screaming "hurrah." So we must even leave the gentlemen to their own enjoyment at the dinner table, and simply announce that the toasts and the speeches are received with immense *applause*.

Thus pass a few hours of elevated enjoyment. By and by, a toast is given complimenting some distinguished guest who is present. This calls up the gentleman so honored, and elicits a speech. At the close of each eloquent passage there follows a round of huzzas, clapping of hands, thumping with canes, and stamping with feet. The company on such occasions is generally very respectable, and all these congratulatory noises are conducted with much order and decorum. As the afternoon wears away and the evening approaches, the more reputable and orderly part of the company retire from the table to their homes. A few dissipated loungers remain to drain the bottles, and to swell the tide of excitement to a more frantic flow. The number of these, however, is now comparatively small; far less than it was a few years since. The temperance effort has ba-

nished very generally from the table the more deleterious combinations of alcoholic poisons, and there are now but few so far lost to themselves as to be swinish revellers after the company have retired.

Still there are invariably a few stragglers who linger around the tavern, and the bar-room is filled during the evening by those who are preparing to carry to their homes that night weeping and woe. The anxious mother trembles in view of the return of the father, and hastens her frightened children to bed, that she may alone meet and bear his brutality.

As the sun goes down the pealing din of the bell and the roaring of the cannon are again heard. As the darkness of the night comes on, rockets and other fireworks are sometimes sent up to illumine the evening sky. The sharp report of the soldier's gun is heard, as here and there he discharges his piece on his way to his home; and the quiet family, who surround the evening table, rejoicing that the day is over, shudder as they hear the rattling of the wagon wheels, and the clattering feet of the horses, urged to a full gallop by the loud shouts of intoxicated men. The happy mother clasps her infant to her bosom, and shudders as she thinks of the wretched wife who, defenceless herself, and with her defenceless babes in her arms, must meet and endure the rage of a drunken husband.

Such has been too generally, and such now is, in many cases, the order of exercises for the anni-

versary of our national independence. There is something very animating in a poetic description of ushering in the glories of this day by the pealing of bells, the roar of cannon, and the huzzas of a free and rejoicing people. But there is something exceedingly prosaic in actual fact, in pulling for hours at a bell-rope, and screaming, and beating a table, and stamping upon a floor. We know of nothing in the world so foreign from true happiness or real rejoicing. It sounds well to talk of thus promoting love of country, and animating the bosom with patriotic pride. But that man will love his country the best who has the happiest home in it, and his bosom will swell with the purest emotions of patriotism, who looks upon a confiding wife and promising children, and is animated to industry by thrifty business. The din of the bell and the noise of burning powder does not make patriots.

There is in this land much love of country. There are no people on the face of the globe more attached to their institutions, or more proud of their name, than the Americans. Great as are our national sins, and numerous as are our faults, we feel that there is not an American to be found who will not apply to his country the language of one of England's favorite poets,—

———“with all thy faults
I love thee still.”

There are frequently religious celebrations, in which Christian influence is exerted to direct public attention to subjects of great practical impor-

tance; or an effort is made to guide the affections to God, as the Author of all the multiplied blessings we enjoy. For some years past, these celebrations have been growing more frequent, and their influence is felt in causing the ordinary celebrations to be conducted with more propriety. We hope and pray that the time may soon come when the morning of our national independence shall be ushered in with thanksgiving and praise; when our colored brethren at the south shall be able to unite with full chorus in the song of redemption; and when the whole land shall echo with the voice of adoration arising from a free, a united, and a happy people. Then will the cup of the drunkard be broken, and the roar of the murderous cannon will be hushed forever. Then shall the birthday of our independence be the Sabbath day of freedom, and English and American hearts shall unite to mourn over past strife, and to thank God for reconciliation and love.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLLEGE LIFE.

“MY dear Cousin,

“I promised you that when I entered college I would write and tell you all that I could about this new mode of life. Father came in the stage with me from home to this place, that he might assist me in obtaining a boarding-house, and in furnishing my room. We arrived here Monday evening, and called upon the president. He told us that the candidates for admission were to be examined in one of the lecture rooms the next morning, at half-past eight.

“At that hour in the morning I went to the lecture room, and found about thirty others, standing around the door, waiting for the professors and tutors to come. They were all strangers to me. But I could see that nearly all felt as I did—that is, frightened half out of their wits. I assure you it is a pretty formidable thing to be arrayed before half a dozen professors and tutors, and, in the presence of a class of thirty strangers, to be examined in any part of the books required for admission. I dreamed of it all night, and could not eat any

breakfast in the morning; and when I arrived at the door, I saw that all the others were nearly in the same predicament with myself. Some were walking up and down, endeavoring to appear as careless and light-hearted as possible; but the pale cheek, and the manifest effort to appear at ease, showed that they were endeavoring, as one of the older students said, "to rally their retreating courage." The laws of the college will not allow any one to be admitted under the age of fifteen years. There were some, however, who looked younger than that, and there were also several who were nearly thirty. The examination was not so difficult as we feared. All were admitted, but a few were required to review some of the studies with which they were not sufficiently familiar.

"There are two buildings occupied by the students. They are of brick, four stories high, and each contains thirty-two rooms. There are not rooms enough, however, to accommodate all the students, and many of our class are under the necessity of obtaining rooms in the houses of the village. The college rooms are about twenty feet square, and attached to each room is a small bedroom, eight feet long by six wide. Two students occupy a room. You probably know that there are four classes in college. The first year we are called freshmen; the second, sophomores; the third, juniors; and the fourth, seniors.

"I have now been here a week, and will endeavor to describe the ordinary duties of each day.

Any one day will afford a pretty fair specimen of all the rest. The first morning, I was very much afraid I should not awake in season to attend prayers. This fear gave me a night of troubled dreams. I awoke two or three times before day, and looked at my watch by the bright rays of the moon, and felt so lonely that I longed to be at home again.

“At last, I got up and dressed me an hour before the prayer bell rung. I lighted my candle and sat down to look over my morning lesson, but I could not study, for the tears filled my eyes as I thought of the home and the friends I had left. I felt ashamed of my weakness, but I thought I was out in the great world all alone. I felt as I should think a shipwrecked man would feel, clinging to a plank in the midst of the ocean.

“At last the prayer bell rung. It was just before sunrise. The students began to pour out of the college doors, and flock into the chapel. My room-mate and I mingled in the crowd, and in the excitement of this new scene I forgot, in a considerable degree, my home-sickness. The devotional exercises occupied about fifteen minutes, and then we went to the recitation room. There are about forty in our class. The tutor calls upon one and another, here and there, as he pleases, so that no one may know in what part of the lesson he is to be “*taken up*,” as we term it. If one is absent from recitation without excuse, he is fined, the punishment consisting not so much in the fine,

which is trifling, as in the fact that it is sent home to his father in his term bill, and thus his delinquencies are known to his friends.

“Immediately after recitation we returned to our rooms, and in a few moments the bell rung for breakfast. It was then about eight o'clock. As I walked along through the college yard, the students were dispersing in every direction to their boarding-houses, scattered throughout the village. Now and then you would see some demure fellow moping along alone, apparently unhappy; but generally they were social and merry, as though they knew not care. There are seven students who board in the same family with me. They are all about eighteen years of age, which is perhaps the average age of the students.

“Immediately after breakfast we returned again to our rooms. The students for a few moments clustered around the doors, talking with each other. A few were playing ball in the yard, and one was carrying around a subscription paper to raise money to purchase a couple of footballs. At nine o'clock the bell rung again for study hours, and we all hastened to our rooms. The laws of the college forbid any student to be out of his room in study hours, except for necessary purposes. There are, however, I believe, always some who neglect their studies, and evade the laws whenever they can. As I was looking out of the window during the forenoon, I saw two students, one of them with a gun in his hand, slyly creeping towards

the woods near the college. I suppose that every day there are more or less who are roving through the woods, or sailing upon the neighboring pond. At eleven o'clock the bell rang again for recitation, and the classes assembled in their respective recitation rooms. We recited as in the morning, the tutor calling upon different members of the class to translate different portions of a lesson.

“After recitation the students employed themselves as they pleased till dinner-time. Some went to their rooms to read; some to the woods to walk; and many were engaged in playing ball in the yard. I joined the party who were swinging the bat-stick. At one o'clock the bell rang for dinner. At two o'clock we are again summoned by the bell to our rooms and our studies. But if you had been passing by the college buildings a quarter before two, you would have seen groups of students around the doors, forming various plans for future enjoyment. The afternoon was passed by myself and room-mate in quiet study, and at half-past four we were again called, by the bell, to recitation. At half-past five the evening prayer bell collected us in the chapel. Immediately after prayers by the president, (for he usually officiates morning and evening,) we went to our supper-tables; and at seven, the bell again reminded us that we must turn from our evening walks and sports to our studies, in preparation for the recitation of the ensuing morning. But the experience of one short week has taught

me, that there are not a few who take advantage of the darkness of the evening to seek enjoyment in scenes of petty and contemptible mischief. These individuals, however, are among those least respected in college, and are the most discontented and unhappy persons within its walls.

"I cannot help giving you an account of one scene which I very unexpectedly and unintentionally witnessed. It will give you a little insight into some of the scenes of college life which I hope I shall not often witness. One day this week, one of the sophomore class, with whom I had become a little acquainted, came into my room and asked me if I would come to his room that evening at eight o'clock, for they were to have a "*roast*." I did not know what he could mean by a roast, and was afraid to confess my ignorance, lest he should laugh at me for being *green*. So I accepted his invitation, supposing that I should soon learn by sight what a "*roast*" was. The student told me, when I came, to give four raps with my cane, that they might know that I was one of the invited. About half-past eight in the evening, I went to the room and rapped as I was bidden. The signal was understood, and, as the door was carefully opened, I was hastily drawn in. And I can assure you that I was not long in doubt as to what was meant by a "*roast*." For, behold, in the middle of the room stood a table covered with plates, knives, forks, &c.; and suspended by strings before a roaring fire hung two chickens, which

the occupant of the room was basting, as I believe they called it, when I entered. Beneath the chickens were placed two deep plates, to catch the gravy which was dripping from them. The occupants of the room had their coats off, with aprons on, and their sleeves tucked up, like most accomplished cooks. One or two other students were performing the still more humble service of kitchen scullions. One was gathering up the feathers which were scattered about the room, and which they had been picking from the fowls. Another was rubbing the knives, while another was puffing over the fire, watching the boiling of chocolate in a huge coffee-pot. When I saw what was going on I wished myself away, but had not courage enough to incur the ridicule which I knew would be heaped upon me if I should refuse to remain. In the course of conversation I found that the students had *stolen* the chickens from a neighboring hen-roost. They talked of it with perfect freedom, as if they were not conscious that there was any disgrace in stealing. I was so surprised that I knew not what to say. At last I ventured to inquire whether it were really *honest* to *steal*. They stared at me, apparently in utter astonishment, and told me that if they had supposed that I was so green as that, they should not have invited me to their roast. I found that they did not consider it at all inconsistent with good moral conduct to steal a man's potatoes, or corn, or apples, or to rob him of his turkeys or his chickens. And

while doing this every week, they would have been exceedingly enraged if any one had intimated that they were thieves.

“I recollected that one of our neighbors was sent to the house of correction for stealing some chickens. He was a poor man, and said he did it to feed his children. But he lost his character by it, and has been in disgrace ever since. I told them of this case, and asked them why it was not as bad for them to steal as for this poor man. They seemed to be getting very much vexed, and said that they did such things merely for fun. But I could not see why it was not worse for a man to steal who had no motive but pleasure, than for one who really wanted food for his children. They, however, were getting so much excited, that I did not like to say any thing more about it.

“I suppose that is what people mean by getting acquainted with the world and learning human nature. At any rate, it is a new exhibition of human nature to me, for I have thought much upon the subject since, and I cannot make it out to be any thing less than stealing. I was not prepared to find such a state of morals in college. I would not have you infer from this that all the students will steal, and not be ashamed of it. The great majority would scorn such conduct, and would much rather have their cooking done by servants in the kitchen, than attempt such work themselves. But with very many the state of morals is altoge-

ther different from what I ever found it before. They call these things "scrapes," and seem unconscious of the dishonesty and meanness of their conduct.

"But to return to the *roast*. When I found that the fowls were stolen, and that the potatoes which were boiling over the fire were stolen also, and that one of the students had milked a cow, which was grazing near the college, to obtain milk for the repast, I began to feel some qualms of conscience about partaking of this stolen entertainment. I began also to feel the more anxious to be gone, since I plainly saw that my conversation had made me rather an unwelcome guest. The *cooks*, who were scrambling about the room, began to look sour and morose. Every thing went wrong. One was scolding; another fretting. The chickens were burned; the chocolate boiled over. One, in his haste, knocked two or three dishes from the table, and they were dashed upon the floor, greatly alarming the company for fear the tutor should be roused by the noise. In fine, we all were any thing in the world but happy. I was meditating some way of escape, for I had determined to go, but knew not in what way most easily to excuse myself.

"Just at this moment we heard the cry of *fire*. Looking out of the windows, which we had darkened by hanging up blankets, we saw the whole college yard illuminated, as though the roof of the building we were in was in flames. The glowing

cinders began to roll down the chimney, and we saw at once that it was our own chimney on fire, which had communicated the alarm. I cannot describe to you the terror into which we were thrown. We knew that in a moment the tutors and students would rush into our room; and what a scene would they behold! I felt as much terrified as any of the rest, for you may suppose that I was not desirous of being detected in such company and in such a scrape. There was no time for deliberation. We heard the enemy upon the stairs. One sprang to the bolted door to keep it fast. The others seized the tablecloth by the four corners, threw upon it the roasting chickens, the pot of boiling potatoes, the plates of gravy, and bringing the four corners of the cloth together, they swung the whole load, in one promiscuous heap of broken crockery, salt, butter, and potatoes, pepper, gravy, and fowls, into the bedroom and *under the bed*. Never was a dinner table so expeditiously cleared! Never was there so disastrous a consummation of an anticipated feast. In another instant the books were upon the table, the blankets torn from the windows, and the room assuming its ordinary appearance, with the exception of rather a glowing fire, and the occupants having burning cheeks and disordered dress. In the midst of the confusion I made my escape, just as the crowd were rushing into the room. I have not taken the pains since to inquire in what state they found their good things after the crowd

had withdrawn, or what pleasure they took in the gentlemanly employment of washing the dishes.

“You must not infer from this description that the majority of the students engage in such scenes. This is by no means the case. In every class there are a few of the idle and the dissolute, who, having no respect for themselves and no regard for future usefulness and happiness, waste their time and pervert their talents in working out for themselves present sorrow and future disgrace. These high fellows are the most unhappy persons there are in college. They are always in trouble. But they are the individuals who make a noise, and whose dissipated conduct is constantly attracting the attention of the community around. The many, who pass their time in diligent study and profitable reading, are not known. In the seclusion of their rooms they are laying up stores of knowledge, and acquiring discipline and energy and grasp of mind, which will guide them to influence and happiness in the great theatre of life.

“There are several societies in college for intellectual improvement. The members are generally chosen by ballot from the respectable scholars of the class. Subjects are assigned for composition, and for extemporaneous debate. These intellectual entertainments are very profitable, and in these humble debates many are acquiring skill to address the jury and to influence the senate.

"We have three terms a year, of three months each. The intervening vacations consume the rest of the year."

Such is the description which a novitiate in a New England college may be supposed to give of the scenes into which he is ushered there. To complete the picture, we give the following narrative from an American magazine.

THE PLEASURES OF A COLLEGE "SCRAPE."

It was a cold December evening—dark, cloudy, and rainy. I had a book of nautical sketches in my hand, and a cigar in my mouth. My roommate, who would be classed by naturalists under the genus *Facetiosi*, was sitting upon the other side of the table, which was standing in the centre of the room, covered with books. His feet were elevated upon the mantle-piece, and he was pouring forth wreaths of smoke from an immense "long nine" that adorned his mouth. The glowing embers of a good fire warmed and enlivened the room.

"Chum," said I, "let us have a scrape to-night."

"Agreed; but what shall we do?"

"A bonfire would look nobly this dark night," I replied, as I rose and looked out into the cold and dark damp air.

"Very well, light the dark lantern, and—here,

turn your coat inside out, so that no one will know you. And where is that piece of burnt cork? We had better black our faces a little."

The burnt cork could not be found. However, we soon rigged ourselves in such a disguise that no one could have detected us by our dress, and sallied forth on our expedition of pleasure.

About half a mile from college there were some empty tar barrels, which we thought would most effectually dispel the gloom of the night. Just as we got hold of one, a gust of wind rattled a pile of boards near us. We thought that the owner of the barrel was upon us, and, fully aware that discretion was the better part of valor, we retreated at the top of our speed. Chum, in his hurried flight, stumbled over a log, and, in a twinkling, was lying prostrate in the mud. In his fright, however, he felt that there was no time to be wasted, and with bruised cheeks and bleeding nose, and drenched with mire, he again manifested that "discretion" which is "the better part of valor." Finding that we were not pursued, we began to think we had fled at a false alarm. I proposed returning to the charge, but found that the ardor of my chum's zeal, as might naturally have been expected, had become wonderfully cooled.

"Fun!" exclaimed he; "is this what you call fun? Just hold up your lantern, and look at my face and clothes!"

"To be sure," said I, as I looked at his woe-begone appearance, "I can conceive of a more

agreeable situation for a man to be in. But I would not give up now, chum."

"Well," said he, "we are in for a scrape, and let us have it out. But, I assure you, my wet feet and clothes, to say nothing of the bruises, do not feel very comfortable this cold night."

We soon were tugging at the tar barrel again. It was wet and heavy, and we found it no light task to carry it such a distance. After toiling and fretting for some time, chum stopped in despair.

"Why, Henry," said he, "I am prodigiously tired, and we have a quarter of a mile further to carry this heavy thing through the mud."

"To tell the truth, chum," I responded, "I wish I had put on some old clothes; I have got this tar all over my pantaloons."

"Horrible!" said chum; "I never thought of the tar on the outside. Here, hold the light. Let me look at my clothes."

Oh, what a picture for Hogarth! His coat was turned inside out, and drenched with water and mud. His pantaloons were in a similar plight, the tar being in various places fairly *worked into* the very texture of the cloth. His face was muddy and scratched, and there was upon it a most ludicrous expression of perplexity and vexation. However, pride and will were enlisted, and, after a little delay, we soon were again tugging along with our burden. Chum had hold of one side of the barrel and I the other, while the lantern was resting upon its head; and when, at length, we

arrived in the college yard, the chapel clock was just tolling eleven.

"Henry," said chum, "you go out to the yard there and get some shavings, while I go up to the room and get a tinder-box. Our lantern is broken all to pieces."

I went groping along in the dark, through mud and water and wet grass, to get some fuel. After searching for some time, I succeeded in obtaining some shavings, which I thought sufficiently dry to kindle. Hastening back to the barrel, I found chum waiting with his tinder-box. We arranged the fuel, struck a light, and applied the match. A clear beautiful flame rose gracefully into the darkened air. As we, however, for sufficient reasons, "loved darkness rather than light," we fled, with the utmost precipitation, from the illuminated circle, and softly crept to our rooms. Almost breathless we hastened to the window, to gaze upon our splendid bonfire, and, lo! all was Egyptian darkness. Not the least glimmer of light cheered our eyes.

It was intolerable to fail after having done so much, so out we sallied again, to see if we could not kindle our wet fuel to a flame. By dint of much perseverance, we obtained some dry materials, and soon secured a more sure fire, which began to burn in earnest, and to illuminate the objects around with its bright flashes. We had so arranged the fuel now, that we felt confident it would burn, though it would take some time for it

to get fully on fire. It was necessary for us to go directly by the tutor's door, as we went up into the third story of the building, to our own room. The windows of the tutor's room looked out upon the fire, and we feared detection if he should hear us going by at that late hour of the night. As soon as we came to the entry, therefore, we took off our shoes, and crept softly along in our stocking-feet. The clock struck twelve as we were ascending the first flight of stairs. Just as we were opposite the tutor's door, creeping along almost breathless, the door opened, and out came the tutor with a candle in his hand. He held the candle in my face, and, in the most gentlemanly manner imaginable, called me by name; and then turning to chum, with the same gentlemanly and provokingly complacent voice, called him by name.

As his eye glanced down our disguised and muddy clothes to our unshod feet, and rested a moment upon the shoes in our hands, I fancied I saw a smile struggling to curl his lip. However, he restrained it, and very politely said, "Good night, young gentlemen," and turned to go into his room. But suddenly he stopped, as though a new thought had struck him, and said,

"I perceive there is a little fire kindling out in the yard; won't you be so kind as to go down with me and help me extinguish it?"

There was no time to hold a council of war, and

each followed the other. Never was a man so perfectly civil as was the tutor ; and never were two wretches so perfectly crest-fallen as my companion and I. We very submissively and silently followed him out into the yard ; for how in the world could we refuse so respectful and reasonable a request ?

“ Will you be kind enough,” said he to me, “ just to roll that tar barrel out into that puddle of water. I would help you, but I see your gloves are already wet.”

“ Indeed you do,” thought I, “ and how in the world do you suppose they became wet ?” But it would not do for me to think aloud.

“ Mr. G.,” said he to my chum, “ won’t you put those brands in the water, and crowd them under a little, so that they cannot be set on fire again easily.”

Hiss—ss—s— went the brands, and all was again as dark as night. We groped our way along to the college, but the blood rushed into my face, as, once or twice, I heard a kind of stifled noise, as though the tutor was trying to restrain convulsions of laughter. Whether this were the case or not, he was perfectly composed by the time we came to the door of his room, where the light shone upon our faces.

“ Good night, young gentlemen,” said he, very pleasantly ; “ I am much obliged to you for your assistance. Let me light you up stairs.”

As we walked up the stairs he very politely

held the candle, so that he could leisurely inspect the beauties of our appearance.

"Well,—well,—well!" said chum, as we closed the door of our room; "if this is what you call a *scrape*, I don't desire another."

"Why," said I, "he don't know that we built the fire."

"Don't know it!!" said chum. "Did you ever hear one of the government call a student *mister* before? Why, he treated us as respectfully as though we were the most important personages in the country. Don't know it! Why, what in the world does he suppose you are dressed in that pea-jacket for, and with that old ragged hat on? And what does he suppose this coat of mine means, turned inside out, and all this tar, which he could not help seeing? I'd give twenty dollars, any minute, to be out of this *scrape*."

I felt even worse than my chum, and accordingly tried to conceal my feelings by forced jokes.

"What a beautiful fire we have got out there," said I, looking out into the total darkness of the night.

"Come, come, Henry," said he, "I think we have had fun enough, such as it is, for one night, and I am going to bed. I have ruined these clothes completely," he continued, as he began to undress; "I shall never be able to wear them again. And now our fire is all out, and we must go to bed with feet both wet and cold. If we are not sick after this, it will be very strange."

I saw that chum was indeed in a gloomy mood, and as I, in heart, felt no less so, we both in silence prepared for bed. Any person who knows what it is to go to bed chilled through from exposure to the rain, and with feet in the state of wet icicles, will know that we could not soon fall asleep.

We had been in bed I should think a half hour, in perfect silence. I was thinking, with a good deal of anxiety, of the probable consequences of the evening's occurrence.

"Henry," said chum, in a voice that showed that he was as far from sleep as I, "Henry, if they suspend us what shall you do?"

"Poh! chum," said I, "don't talk so; it makes me feel bad."

"Well," said he drily, "if the talking makes you feel bad, how will the reality make you feel? They will have us up before the government to-morrow; and what under the sun can we say? We shall have to spend a few months in the country, as sure as the world, and that will be fine tidings to be carred home."

My heart beat quick, as I felt the strong probability that chum's apprehensions would be realized. At last, however, I fell into a light doze, and, in troubled dreams, was arraigned before the government of the college. There was no escape from detection. I received a suspension bill, and, almost distracted with shame, went to a most dismal abode in the country. Again I went home in disgrace. I met my father and mother, and oh,

how deeply did I feel reproached by their silent grief. Thus the night passed away, till the morning bell called us to prayers. We both rose with stiffened limbs. Chum found, to his extreme mortification, that the scratches he received in his face by his fall were far too deep for water to remove, and as he had taken so violent a cold that he could hardly speak, he felt it to be necessary for him, if possible, to avoid making his appearance.

I, however, after having dressed myself in a new suit of clothes, went into the chapel to prayers, and from prayers to the recitation room. As the students flocked along, the remains of the miserable failure of a bonfire attracted their attention, and many were the cutting jokes that were thrown out against the unfortunate fellows who "tried to and could n't."

In the recitation room I was called upon to recite, but made most wretched work of it. A kind of half smile struggled upon the tutor's lip, as he said, in a voice low and almost inarticulate to every one but me, "You may sit down; you are very excusable, as you were assisting me last evening."

"W-h-a-t," whispered the student who sat next to me, "w-h-a-t in the world did he say to you?"

I endeavored, as well as I could, to shuffle off the question. But, immediately after recitation, some dozen of the students came clustering around me, to ascertain what I had been helping the tutor to do. I could not conceal my confusion, but

I did not dare to let the truth be known, for I knew it would be a standing joke against me, that I should never hear the last of.

We went to breakfast, but I had no appetite. The apprehension of being called into the president's study, and receiving either a public reprimand or a bill of suspension, made me most perfectly wretched. As I returned to my room, there was poor chum, looking very much like a culprit waiting his execution. We had not watched at the window long before we saw the tutor going straight as an arrow across the college yard to the president's study. Our blood chilled within us, as we awaited the summons which should call us into that dread presence. A half hour of most woful suspense passed away, and we saw the tutor returning. We thought that the awful moment was now at hand. But the tutor went quietly to his room, and during the forenoon no message came for us. We were, however, continually expecting a summons, and were in such a state of apprehension that it was impossible to study. Towards the close of the forenoon we concluded that there was not time to assemble the government in the morning, and that they had postponed the subject till the evening. The anxiety we were in was so great, that an immediate settlement in almost any way would have been a relief. Evening came, and we sat down at our fireside with most unenviable feelings. Presently there was a tap at the door. My blood curdled.

"Come in," said chum, with a faltering voice. It was a fellow-student. The weary hours of the apparently interminable evening lagged along, and still no summons from the government.

"Why, Henry," said chum, "it cannot be that the tutor has not informed against us?"

"No," said I; "we were so completely caught, that we shall of course be hauled up for it. But if they were going to *suspend* us, I think they would have had a meeting to-day. You know they have a government meeting every Wednesday evening. I rather think, as they have got us so safe, they have put off the subject till then."

These thoughts were a little relief to our minds, but they lengthened out the period of our suspense. Wednesday evening at length came, and with it fresh feelings of apprehension. But the evening passed away, and the next day, and the next, and no notice was taken of our evening adventure. Gradually our feelings became calm, and the remembrance of the scrape ceased to haunt our minds. The tutor was a generous man as ever lived, and probably thought that our detection by himself was punishment enough. At any rate, we felt it to be so, for, one evening, as we were sitting musing by the fireside, chum suddenly spoke up—

"Henry, if ever I felt grateful to a man in my life, I do to the tutor; and if I live to graduate, I will thank him for his forbearance."

Several months after the event we have now

been relating, a student came into our room late on a dark evening.

"Come," said he, "don't you want to go and have a scrape?"

Chum sprang from his chair as though he had been shot.

"Scrape! you rascal—you scoundrel—you villain," shouted he, in the vehemence of his indignation. "Do you want to get me into a scrape? I have had one, and it was almost the death of me. Get out of my room."

The fellow fled in terror, and no one else ever asked chum or me to enjoy the pleasures of a college "scrape."

Perhaps some of our readers may feel desirous of knowing what studies are pursued in the New England colleges, and how far the students are advanced in those studies. All the New England colleges are on nearly the same level. The course of study in any one so nearly corresponds with the course of study in all the rest, that students are, without difficulty, removed from one to another without any alteration in their collegiate standing. Therefore, in giving the following course of study, which is pursued in Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Maine, we give the standard of education in the New England colleges generally.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission into the freshmen class are required to write Latin grammatically,

and to be well versed in geography, arithmetic, six sections of Smyth's Algebra, Cicero's select Orations, the bucolics, georgics, and Æneid of Virgil, Sallust, the gospels of the Greek Testament, and Jacobs' Greek Reader. They must produce certificates of their good moral character. The usual time for examination is the Friday after commencement. Candidates for admission into the other classes will be examined also in the books which have been studied by the class into which admission is requested. Scholars from other colleges, before they can be examined, must produce a certificate of their regular dismissal. The geography to be studied may be Morse's, Worcester's, or Cummings'.

N. B. Fisk's Greek Grammar is recommended.

COURSE OF STUDY.

FRESHMEN CLASS.

First Term.

Anabasis of Xenophon, (three books.)
 Folsom's Livy, (two books.)
 Lacroix's Arithmetic; Smyth's Algebra.

Second Term.

Adam's Roman Antiquities.
 Anabasis, finished.
 Folsom's Livy.
 Smyth's Algebra.

Third Term.

Herodotus, (Hist. Pers. Wars, sixth book, commenced.)

Excerpta Latina, (Paterculus and Quintus Curtius.)

Smyth's Algebra.

Hedge's Logic.

Daily exercises in elocution, during one half the term.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

First Term.

Herodotus, continued.

Horace, (the odes.)

Legendre's Geometry.

French language.

Second Term.

Herodotus, continued.

Excerpta Latina, (Tacitus.)

Smyth's Trigonometry.

Cambridge Math., (heights and distances, surveying and navigation.) French language.

Third Term.

Herodotus, continued.

Horace, (satires.)

Cambridge Math., (projections, levelling, and application of algebra to geometry.)

Murray's English Grammar.

Newman's Rhetoric.

French language.

JUNIOR CLASS.

First Term.

Horace, (Ars Poetica ;) Juvenal.

Spanish or Greek, (Homer's Iliad, five books.)

Cambridge Mechanics.

Second Term.

Calculus.

Spanish or Greek, (Homer's Iliad, five books.)

Electricity, Magnetism, Optics.

Upham's Elements of Mental Philosophy.

Third Term.

Homer's Iliad ; Juvenal reviewed.

Calculus; Cambridge Mechanics.

Mental Philosophy, continued.

Rawle's View of the American Constitution.

SENIOR CLASS.

First Term.

Astronomy and Mathematics.

Paley's Evidences.

Stewart on the Active and Moral Powers.

Vattel's Law of Nations.

Second Term.

Chemistry.

Political Economy.

Butler's Analogy.

Italian, German, and Hebrew Languages.

Third Term.

Natural History.

Cleaveland's Mineralogy.

Butler's Analogy.

Italian, German, and Hebrew.

EXERCISES DURING THE YEAR.

Private declamations of the two lower classes,
and public declamations of the three upper
classes.

Compositions in English of the two upper
classes.

Forensic disputations of the junior and senior
classes.

Weekly translations into Latin by the fresh-
men class.

Translations into English by the sophomore
class.

Two weeks preceding the term examinations
are spent in review of the studies of the term.

LECTURES.

Spring Term.

On Chemistry, to the junior and senior classes.

Summer Term.

On Natural Philosophy, to the junior and senior class.

On Mineralogy to the senior class.

On Rhetoric and Oratory.

EXAMINATIONS.

1. Of all the classes at the close of the first and second terms.

2. Of the senior class on the sixth Tuesday preceding commencement.

3. Of the three other classes during the week preceding commencement.

EXHIBITIONS.

1. Of the senior and junior classes in May and November.

2. Of the sophomore class, (a prize declamation,) in August.

ANNUAL EXPENSES.

Tuition,	\$24 00
Room rent,	10 00
Board in commons,	45 00
Incidental charges on college bills,	10 00
Other expenses, as wood, lights, washing, stationery, use of books and furniture,	30 00
	<hr/>
	\$119 00

VACATIONS.

1. From commencement, which is on the first Wednesday of September, three weeks.

2. From the Friday after the third Wednesday of December, eight weeks.

3. From the Friday after the third Wednesday of May, two weeks.

There is also in connection with this college a large and flourishing medical school.

COMMENCEMENT.

At the close of each collegiate year, the members of the graduating class have parts assigned them, according to their respective scholarship, for public exhibition. Generally the officers of the college assign to each a subject for a dissertation, or a dialogue or an oration. At the appointed day, which is called *commencement day*, the friends of the graduating students, together with a vast concourse of the neighboring people, assemble to witness the exercises of the occasion. It is a day of great festivity. The students adorn their rooms with evergreens and flowers, and provide light entertainments for their friends. The best band of music which the region can furnish is provided, to animate and enliven the assembled multitude. Not unfrequently booths are erected in the vicinity, around which a disorderly crowd pass the day in riot and confusion. The temperance reformation has, however, recently nearly removed this disgrace.

From a stage in the college chapel, or the more spacious neighboring church, the graduating class address the thronging audience, each upon the subject which has been assigned him. The band occasionally relieves the attention of the assembly by its richest strains of music. At the close of the exercises, each student receives from the president his degree, and he feels at once that he has passed the period of his pupilage, and has launched forth into the world, independent and free.

From the college some go into mercantile life, but the greater part enter the divinity, law, or medical schools, which are established either in connection with the college, or in different parts of the country.

Perhaps, in this connection, I ought to say a word upon the subject of theological education in New England. There are several theological seminaries scattered throughout the New England states. That at Andover, in the state of Massachusetts, is by far the most prominent in the wealth of its endowments, the number of its students, and the influence it is exerting upon the world. The names of many of its learned professors are known through the Christian world. Their influence is felt in sustaining what is here called the evangelical system of doctrine, and the congregational system of church government. It is a private institution, endowed by private munificence. It is neither fostered by state patronage, nor retarded in its operations by legislative frowns.

Two large and commodious buildings of brick, four stories high, and containing thirty-two rooms each, afford accommodation for nearly all the students. A few are under the necessity of obtaining rooms in the private dwellings of the village. A beautiful chapel is situated between the two buildings above mentioned. It contains a room sufficiently large for the students and the families of the professors to assemble for public worship; also a large and beautiful library room, and three lecture rooms. The average number of students of late years is a little over a hundred. None are admitted but those who give satisfactory evidence of piety, as the term is understood by the evangelical portion of the community. They must also have received a collegiate education, and intend to devote themselves to the gospel ministry. Special efforts are made by the professors in their instructions, and in all the arrangements of the institution, to cultivate in the hearts of these candidates for the ministry the most fervent and self-denying piety. There are three classes, called the junior, middle, and senior. The first year, the Bible is studied in the original languages. All the aids which can be obtained from the learning of commentators, without regard to the doctrines they held, is eagerly sought. The Bible is, however, the text-book, and the dictionary, with other philological helps, the principal expositor. As the class assembles in the lecture room, there is free discussion of the meaning of the passage to which

they are attending. Freedom of investigation is earnestly encouraged, in connection with a humble and prayerful spirit. In the lecture room, every mind is on the alert, and each individual is willing to express dissent from the opinion advanced by his fellow-student or the professor. The study of the Bible is thus prosecuted during the year with unwearied diligence. The second year is devoted to the investigation of doctrinal theology. The following is a list of the topics which engage attention, in the order in which they are taken up : 1. Natural theology. 2. Evidences of divine revelation. 3. Inspiration of the Scriptures. 4. Christian theology. 5. Divine attributes. 6. Trinity in the Godhead. 7. Character of Christ. 8. Sonship of Christ. 9. Holy Spirit. 10. Divine purposes. 11. Moral agency. 12. Original apostasy. 13. Character and state of man since the fall. 14. Atonement. 15. Regeneration. 16. Christian virtue, or holiness. 17. Particular branches of Christian virtue. 18. Justification. 19. Perseverance of the saints. 20. Future state. 21. Future punishment. 22. Positive institutions. 23. Christian church. 24. Infant baptism. 25. Mode of baptism. 26. Lord's supper. These general topics, of course, admit of many subdivisions, which it is not necessary here to introduce. There is an outline of the course of study placed in the hands of each of the students, in which there is reference to all the important works in the library which treat of the subject under inves-

tigation. The students become familiar with the reasoning of writers on both sides. They discuss the subjects with entire freedom with one another, and in the lecture room with the professor. No one hesitates to bring forward any objection which his reading or his meditations have introduced to his mind. Every student knows that in this land, where there is such unrestrained license of opinion, the clergyman must be continually meeting the strong arguments of subtle foes. They all know that it is necessary that they should be strongly armed for the conflict which awaits them. And the consequence is, that the cavils of the infidel are perhaps as thoroughly studied as the arguments of the Christian. The above outline certainly does not contain all the important topics in Christian theology. It is intended merely as the foundation, deep and broad, upon which the student is to build in future years. It gives direction to his studies and tells him what he wants.

The third year is devoted to sacred rhetoric, the critical preparation of sermons, the study of church history, and pastoral duties. During the latter part of the year, the students occasionally preach in the chapel, and in the neighboring villages. And the demand for ministerial labor is so great, that but a few months elapse after they leave the seminary before nearly all are settled. The demand for pastors is vastly greater than our seminaries can at present supply.

The spirit of missions has, to a wonderful de-

gree, animated the students of this seminary from its first establishment. The sons of Andover are now scattered over the whole world. They are traversing the "celestial empire," and speaking in the language of China to her countless multitudes. They are knocking at the gates of Jerusalem, and speaking in the mosques of Constantinople. They are in the wigwam of the Indian; in the immense wilderness of our own country; scattered throughout the islands of the Pacific; in Ceylon, and Bombay, and Central India. They are preaching to almost every nation the gospel's glad tidings.

There are many other similar institutions in the land, but none other so prominent in influence. With the exception of the Unitarian theological school at Cambridge, I believe there is no one sustained either directly or indirectly by the bounty of the state. And it is a subject of dispute between the Unitarians and the orthodox, whether that school is in reality a subject of state patronage. If the state grants an act of incorporation to the trustees of a theological institution, its liberality is tasked to the utmost. It does all that even the friends of the institution deem it desirable that the state should do. The conviction is deep and strong in the hearts of Christians, that all that religion asks of the government is to be *let alone*. It desires to be left to its own untrammelled energies, and to rely for support upon the protection of its friends.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELLING.*

WE cannot complete the picture of New England which we wish to give, without exhibiting it as it appears to a traveller. We must, therefore, perform a short journey, asking our reader to accompany us, in order that he may see the interior of our stage-coaches, steam-boats, rail-road cars, hotels, and country taverns; and we cannot select a route more suitable for our purpose than the great thoroughfare between Boston and New York. We should rather say, one of the great thoroughfares, for the great current of travel from the northern to the middle states divides itself at Boston into two portions, one of which passes directly to Providence, and thence, by steam-boats, through the whole length of Long Island sound; and the other turns into the interior towards

* The reader is requested to bear it in mind, in reading this chapter especially, that this work was written for foreign readers. There is, of course, nothing here which will be new to American readers, though they may perhaps be amused by reading a description of what is, in reality, familiar.—AM. EDS.

Worcester, in the heart of Massachusetts, thence through Connecticut to New Haven, and from that port it passes by water to the great commercial metropolis. We will take the latter of the two routes ; it will carry us a little more into the interior, and will keep us a little longer on the journey. It gives us, too, pretty fair specimens of the three great modes of public travelling in our country, the stage-coach, the rail-road, and steam-boat.

We take our places, then, in the long *omnibus*, at its stand in the heart of Boston, entering at the door behind, and forcing our passage between the rows of knees, and over the canes, umbrellas, and bundles, which obstruct the way. We are at last fixed, the boy strikes his bell, and we are jolted slowly along over the pavements of Washington street. But I need not stop to describe a ride in an omnibus. It is the same all the world over. There is the same pulling of the bell-rope, the same constant succession of comers and goers, the same crowding and staggering, in coming in, and getting out, and the same curious succession of views presenting itself to the quiet passenger, who sits still in his place and looks through the windows opposite to him into shop after shop, and store after store, as the lumbering vehicle jolts along the street ; and low windows, and gay displays of fancy goods, and toyshops, and book-stores, and confectioners' and refreshment rooms, glide, like the sliding pictures of a magic lantern,

before him, each filled with its own peculiar group, and having its own peculiar expression. A ride in an omnibus is substantially the same, we believe, in every city on the globe.

It is known to all the world, at least to all that part of it which have ever heard of the good city of Boston, that it is situated on a peninsula, with a long neck; and our omnibus is going out in a southerly direction through the street which comes in over the neck, and extends, with no interruption, though with many a curve, into the heart of the city. After riding half a mile thus, through a street of shops, we pull the coach-bell opposite the Worcester rail-road office, and dismounting, we find our way among the crowd of travellers who are arriving in hacks and chaises, down to the train of cars, which are standing under their long shed, with the locomotive engine puffing impatiently before them. The engineer's men are busy oiling the wheels and storing the fuel. The captain of the cars is arranging the passengers and securing the baggage in the baggage-house, an edifice on wheels, deserving the name of house quite as much, whether we consider its size or commodiousness, as half of the residences of the Irishmen who have constructed the road. Groups of idlers stand about, staring at the cars and the engine, and watching the movements of the engineer, who seems proud of the high-spirited horse he is to drive. He stands at his post, turning the steam-cocks every now and then with great gra-

vity, to ascertain the condition of his boiler. By and by all is ready. We are seated, with twenty or thirty others, in what might be called a spacious apartment, considering that it is the interior of a coach, with a broad aisle up and down the interior, and stuffed seats on both sides. Or if we choose a snigger box, we take a differently constructed car in another part of the train; it is divided into compartments, one of which we may fill, if we choose, with our own little company. When all is ready the bell gives notice to the engineer. The engine puffs and gives a pull, the whole train starts with a heavy jerk, and then trundles on slowly. The carsmen trot along by the side, securing the doors and hurrying in the tardy passengers, and then leaping up, one after another, and clinging to the steps of the cars; the speed increases, and in a few moments we are rolling on with immense force and velocity over the long viaduct which stretches on piles over the extensive marsh which in this direction separates the peninsula of Boston from the main land. We cross roads and bridges, sometimes over marshes and sometimes over water, until we reach the undulating upland, and then fly on, now shooting across a plain, now riding along on a high embankment over a ravine, now winding through a fruitful and luxuriant valley. The horses feeding in the pastures look at us a moment, and then gallop away. Men, women, and children stop to gaze; and the workmen employed in smoothing

off and finishing the road (for in America very few great undertakings are yet finished) stop and lean upon their hoe-handles, apparently bracing themselves up by them, as if our velocity made them dizzy.

Before trying the rail-road, the traveller always thinks he shall be afraid; and, in fact, for the first fifteen minutes of the motion, most riders do feel a little *pale*. When running along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, within six inches of the brink of an embankment twenty feet high, one can hardly help speculating a little on the precise nature of the evolution which would be performed if the train should, by any mistake, get off the track. Then, again, as the course of the cars is so precisely determined, there is no need of waste room when passing near the railing of a bridge, or the perpendicular wall of ragged rocks which forms the side of a cut through a hill. You shoot suddenly along such a wall, apparently within a few inches of it, and that without a moment's warning; for perhaps but an instant before you were high in the air, running upon the top of an embankment; and as you dart by the sharp projecting rocks, which seem almost to rasp the side of the car, you can hardly help thinking what would have become of your head, if by any accident you had happened to be looking out to see where you were going. These feelings are, however, soon over; you begin before long to place confidence in the faithfulness of the wheels in

running upon their proper track, and you learn to keep your head in the coach, where it ought to be. The excited imagination becomes calm, and you give yourself up to the intoxicating pleasure produced by the speed of your flight, as you roll along with just enough of irregularity in the motion to make you feel how swift it is. You have, at least, *half* the pleasure of actual flying: the speed, though not the elevation. You lose, after a very short time, all sense of danger, for there are no tips and slewings and joltings, as in a stage-coach, to remind you perpetually of the possibility of an upset. In travelling, it is not danger, but fear of danger which causes suffering; and when drawn by a moving steam-engine over a couple of rails, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, whatever may be the actual danger itself, you soon lose all fear. Thus we go bowling along *through* hills and *over* valleys, across corn-fields and orchards, and over roads and rivers, now sweeping round a majestic curve, and now flying down a long but imperceptible descent, now stopping at a landing place to let some of our passengers hurry out and others hurry in, and now pausing a moment at a stationary boiler to give our copper steed a breathing spell, and refresh him with a drink. He is a temperate animal; keep him warm and give him plenty of water, and he will work for you incessantly, without food or sleep.

Our ride will be more in keeping with the state of things in America if we suppose the rail-road

not completed; a supposition which corresponds with the fact at the time I am writing this chapter. As we go on therefore into the interior, we see laborers here and there stationed at their work. Various groups are employed smoothing the road, removing rubbish, making *turnouts*, finishing offices, &c. At length we arrive at the end of the engine's route, and our train is divided into portions of two or three cars each, and to these horses are attached, who move off with them, wondering, probably, at their newly acquired power. The road seems more and more unfinished as we advance. Heaps of *sleepers* and *rails* and *chairs* lie by the sides of the road. We pass bridges without railings, and along the tops of piles, the spaces between which have not been filled up, the horse walking along on one side upon the ground below, or else led round, while the carsmen push the train over. At length we come to a final stop in a long shed, where we are wedged in between two wood-piles, and left to grope our way out as well as we can in the dark; for it is December, and by this time it is dark.

The thirty or forty passengers grope their way, chiefly by feeling, to the tavern near, where the *stages*, as we call them, (for in America we do not always speak English,) are ready to convey us to Worcester. It is a dark, rainy night; we crowd into our places, and the driver, who acts in the double capacity of driver and guard, mounts his box, and by a sort of instinct which enables him

to dispense entirely with lights, he finds his way over a dozen miles of winding road, through mud and the rain. He runs into no ditches nor over any banks, though, as you look out of the coach window, it seems strange how he can avoid them. We pass by cheerful-looking farm-houses all along the road, lights gleaming at the windows with an expression of peace and happiness within. Now and then we stop a moment at a country tavern door while the driver waters his horses, or exchanges one empty mail bag for another at a little post-office; and at length we wheel round a corner into a broad and spacious street, with elegant edifices on each side, brilliantly lighted, or handsome shops, from whose windows and open doors the light beams upon the broad brick sidewalks, or upon the stems of the tall trees which overshadow the street. It is Worcester.

The coach draws up at the door of a spacious hotel, with a front of fifty feet and several stories high, and lighted perhaps from top to bottom. A waiter opens the door. Shall we alight, or shall we go and spend the night with a friend? The latter; we will try a private dwelling to-night, and see the interior of a *hotel*, at Hartford, to-morrow. "Drive us to Mr. ——'s."

The stage door is closed again, the driver is upon his box, and we are off, moving speedily up the street.

Let us select as our home for the night one of the most conspicuous residences in the town.

There are fifty of them, equally alluring, for there is here no titled nobility,—there is no great proprietor of the whole domain around, living in state in his castle upon some neighboring hill. There are palace-like looking buildings, as to size at least, but they are not kept by noblemen. That fine looking edifice, crowning the summit of yonder hill, is a manual labor school, built and endowed by the voluntary contributions of hundreds of farmers. This other building, standing upon this gentle swell, with its extended front and ornamented inclosure, is the asylum for the insane; and so every building which is at all remarkable for its size or commanding exterior may be set down at once as devoted to some public purpose. The residences of individuals are more republican in their character. They stand along the streets, with inclosures of shrubbery before and around them. Let us enter one of them.

It stands back at a small distance from the street, having before it a little green, formed into a series of terraces, up which the walk mounts by a succession of steps to the house. This green is ornamented with trees and shrubs, planted with perfect regularity and symmetry, for in America things must be straight and square in order to be beautiful. The flowers are planted in straight borders, and a tulip here must be exactly balanced by a tulip there. The inclosure is formed by a neat wooden or perhaps iron paling, through which we pass by a little gate, and ascend towards the

house. A female domestic opens the door in answer to our summons by the bell or the knocker, and we are immediately ushered into the parlor, and our host and hostess, seated with their children around the table before the fire, rise to receive and welcome us.

The interior presents as alluring a picture of domestic happiness and peace as can be found in the world. It is, as we have supposed, a winter evening, and in the grate glows a fire formed of coal, giving no smoke or flame, but which glows and burns like a mass of red hot, and often almost *white* hot stones. It sheds a rich but quiet light over all the room, giving vividness and brilliancy to the colors of the Brussels carpet and the handsome furniture, and beaming upon the folds of the window-curtains. The father sits at one corner of the large table before the fire, reading a newspaper, or the last number of a review. The mother is at her work. Children of various sizes occupy the remaining sides of the table, some reading, others with their maps or slates, preparing their lessons for their school to-morrow; for, with scarcely an exception, the children in New England all go to school. An older daughter occupies one corner by the side of the fire, with her work-table, whose drawers are filled with her muslins, and her knitting, and her answered and unanswered notes. She has her side light; but a large astral lamp, upon the principal table, sends down its mild beams upon the books and work of the others, and, mingled

with the light of the fire, spreads its broad and cheering influence over the room. Puss, with her chin upon her fore paws, lies upon the rich hearth rug, peeping through eyes half closed, between the wires of the fender, lost in profound meditation upon subjects which the ingenuity of man has never yet been able to discover.

The next morning, if we have taken the precaution to book our names on the evening before, the Hartford stage, by a great circuit in the broad street, wheels up to the door just as we are finishing our breakfast. The driver hands the reins to a companion on the box, and descends to take our trunks and strap them upon the baggage rack behind. He is dressed in an old white great coat and fur cap, with a red comforter tied round his neck. He secures the baggage, opens the door and lets down the step, and makes all snug again after we have entered. He then mounts his box, takes his reins, and in a few minutes we draw up again to the door of another private residence, or before one of the half dozen great hotels, to receive more passengers.

Our coach has three seats with leather cushions, and a broad leather strap is stretched across behind the middle one, to support the backs of those who sit there. When the coach is about half full, we draw up perhaps to the door of a genteel residence, and the driver goes in, the passengers watching his movements from the coach window. The delay indicates an impor-

tant accession to the travelling party. Presently he appears, with a bandbox in one hand and a small leather trunk in the other. He goes back into the house, and there follows another delay. He soon, however, makes his appearance again, with another trunk and a couple of umbrellas. A gentleman, with his wife upon his arm, follows, stopping to speak the last words, and to give the last instructions to those left in charge. A daughter comes behind them. The passengers in the stage instinctively make room for them on the back seat. The door is opened, the strap is let down, the ladies climb up the steps and get fixed on seats made vacant for them. In a few minutes all is adjusted, the door is closed, the driver springs to his box, and away we go.

We are established, we will suppose, upon the middle seat, and how shall we occupy ourselves? You may commence conversation with that plainly dressed man on the front seat, or you may take out a book and go to reading, or you may face half round and make conversation with the party behind you, or you may muffle yourself up in your cloak, and doze away the hours in silence, and even sleep. Either of these is perfectly proper. You are entirely at liberty, and may take your choice. The gentleman behind you will be glad of your acquaintance, and his wife and daughter will be particularly glad to have you commence a conversation to which they may listen; they will gradually take a part in it, and

before night you will be old acquaintances. He may be one of the most distinguished inhabitants of the place, and perhaps of the whole commonwealth. He is a merchant, who began life by opening a little shop, or a professional man, who left his father's farm when he was sixteen, and made his own way through college, by teaching, district schools, in his vacations.

While you are making these observations, or learning these facts by conversation, the stage rolls on over hill and dale towards Connecticut. The whole country is divided into small farms, the farm-houses occupying sheltered nooks, or adorning the sides of the road. Some are painted white, some red, and some are left unpainted to be darkened by time. Orchards, corn-fields, pasture-grounds and woodland alternate with one another, and give variety to the scene. Every few miles we pass a small village of white houses, with little green yards before them. Each of these villages has its white wooden church, and many, two. We pass streams of water, with manufacturing establishments of every kind, and a thousand other indications of New England thrift and industry, which it is impossible here to name.

Our driver, for the purpose of watering his animals, or changing them for a fresh team, frequently draws up his horses at the door of a small tavern, standing close to the road, with its light sign creaking in the wind. If your feet are cold, you descend from the coach and go in, following

your fellow-passengers into an apartment with the inscription, "*Bar Room*," upon the door. An open stove stands upon a sheet-iron hearth, in front of the place where the fireplace once was, and a crooked, crazy pipe, confined in its place by wires running in all directions, carries the smoke to the chimney. Around this fire the stage passengers hover, excepting the ladies and their friends, who go into a rather more parlor-like looking apartment, on the other side of the entry. The floor of the bar room is sanded. Old worn out newspapers are lying about upon the chairs, and especially upon the lid of a great chest, whose top serves customers for a seat by day, and whose interior makes the ostler's bed by night. On the back side of the room, or in one corner of it, is an inclosure, made by a partition about four feet high, within which are drawers, and shelves filled with bottles of ardent spirits, with a tray of biscuit and gingerbread, and another of apples, and a row of tumblers, bottom upwards, surmounted each with a lemon or an orange. Coarse, rough looking men are lounging about the room, smoking or drinking. Some are mere idlers, and others are wagoners, or travellers of that description, who have stopped to warm themselves and eat their bread and cheese by the bar room fire.

While we are speculating upon this scene, and upon the new light it sheds upon the New England condition and character, the driver enters, buttoning up his coat and drawing on his mittens,

with his "stage is ready, gentlemen," and we are soon re-established in our seats and again upon our way. We stop now and then to drop one passenger and take up another, or, as the "old man," in his "BUBBLES," expresses it, to effect an exchange of prisoners. While this evolution is performing, the driver fastens his horses by giving the reins a turn round a post, or, more secure still, ties them in a bow-knot into the breeching of the horses at the pole, as if tying the leaders and the followers together would prevent their running away. Sometimes he asks a passenger to reach his arm out of the window and take hold of the ends of the reins, which he hands up to him in a mass, while he unstraps a trunk from the rack behind, or goes into the house to bring out the baggage of a new comer. The ladies on the back seat look a little concerned, and ask whether the driver has left his horses; but the danger, whatever it may be, is all over in a moment; the new baggage is secured, the new comer is admitted, the reins are gathered up into the driver's hands, we wheel round into the road again, and trot off on our way.

After traversing in this manner a district of well cultivated and thriving looking country for forty miles, the great valley of the Connecticut begins to open upon our view. We see the river winding through the valley, with broad and most luxuriant meadows extending on each side, checkered by the various modes of cultivation, and

dotted with elm trees, some slender and graceful, exhibiting all the elegance of youth, others venerable with age, the growth of centuries. At intervals of a few miles along the river, beautiful villages are scattered, chimneys and white pediments appearing among the foliage, and the venerable spire of the church, venerable as a wooden building of some sixty years' standing can be, towering above the tops of the tallest trees. Among such villages we pass on our way for a dozen miles, until at length the horses slowly walk into the entrance of the long covered bridge which, crossing the river, forms the avenue to Hartford.

In the mean time it has become dark. The bridge lamps shed a strong light into the coach windows, first on one side and then upon the other. A thin haze has been extending itself over the sky during the afternoon, growing more and more dense, until now the whole heavens are spread with a mantle of very light gray, the exact hue of the *snow* cloud. A few flakes descend occasionally into the windows, and when we draw up before one of the great hotels in the city of Hartford, and the waiter opens the stage door, and you step out upon the sidewalk, you find it whitened with the snow, which is still falling in very fine flakes. It is the commencement of what in New England is called a *regular snow storm*, indicating, by the quiet moderation of its beginning, the steady perseverance with which it will carry on its work.

We are glad of a shelter, and are ushered into a parlor, whose bright fire seems to welcome us to the traveller's home. In fifteen minutes a hand-bell, rung violently in the hall, summons us to supper. We are conducted into a large dining room, forty feet long, with one long table, handsomely spread, extending down the middle, and sideboards and stoves and similar furniture arranged upon the sides. It is long after the regular hour for tea, and the table is set for breakfast. The arrangement of a small portion at the upper end is soon altered, and our company are seated there, enjoying the refreshment of a substantial repast.

In the hotel we find ourselves members of a large family. Several parlors are open upon the lower story, with glowing fires in the grates, and tables covered with the late New York and Boston papers. Gentlemen are passing and repassing in the entry or hall. The bar room, similar in its design with those already described in the country taverns, but more spacious, and somewhat elegant in the style in which it is fitted up, contains groups of well dressed gentlemen, talking politics or discussing the news, and a genteel looking waiter stands behind the counter to furnish refreshments and to receive and transmit all orders. Here we request that a fire may be made in our bedrooms, and, if you please, a table, with pen, ink, and paper upon it. In a few minutes you follow the black waiter, (a *free* man,) as he lugs your trunks and

carpet-bags up stairs, and are showed into a snug, pleasant looking apartment, with a bed inviting you to repose, and a table inviting you to sit down first and bring up your journal. Every few minutes you hear the wind moaning without, and the sound of *tick, tick, tick*, against the panes of glass, indicating the gradually increasing severity of the storm.

As you open your eyes in the morning, the snow is still beating the windows, and is so piled up against the panes that you can scarcely see through them. An unvarying and unbroken mantle of white covers all without. The streets are as smooth as if a human footstep had never trod them. The roofs are covered, and the doors and windows of the opposite houses are all blocked up. The city seems without an inhabitant,—a region of solitude and desolation, and yet of such a peculiar character that it cheers and inspirits every one who looks upon it. Every body is in good humor on the morning after a snow storm.

But you must look early to witness the scene as I have described it, for it is not long before you hear sleigh bells jingling through the street. The door of a neighboring house opens, and two or three boys come out with shovels and broom, to effect a passage to the street. As the sun rises the storm subsides; the clouds look thin; presently a little broken piece of blue sky appears; and the citizens, seeing that all the snow is down which is to come on this occasion, are busy everywhere shovelling

paths and clearing sidewalks and breaking roads. By this time a waiter goes through the house, ringing a bell violently at every door to rouse the sleepers, and half an hour afterwards another bell summons them all to breakfast. The long table is now full, the ladies and their attendants at the upper end. There are also, in the various parlors of the establishment, private parties, choosing to have a room and breakfast table of their own. Silence generally prevails at the public table, excepting that the landlord, who presides at the upper end, talks a little to the guests within the reach of his voice; and you hear also a little low conversation in various parts of the table, where friends and fellow-travellers may be seated together, or old acquaintances may happen to meet.

Breakfast fairly over, the *stage* is at the door, but not the four-wheeled coach of the preceding day. It is a large vehicle, mounted upon two pairs of runners, those before being made to turn upon a transome bolt, so as to facilitate the movements of the whole machine. The sides of the vehicle are curtains made of some blanket-like material, one of which is unbuttoned to admit the passengers, and then made snug again. There are three or four seats within, covered with buffalo skins, and upon the floor is made a good bed for the feet by abundance of straw. The horses feel the cheering influence of the morning, and are impatient to set off, their restless movements shaking and jingling the strings of the little bells hung around their necks or

attached to some part of the harness. We are soon comfortably seated, and commence our ride through the unsullied snow.

Connecticut and Massachusetts, to the eye of the traveller, are precisely the same. There is the same cultivation in the fields, the same neat farm-houses, the same fresh looking villages, houses painted white, and churches and taverns and shops after almost precisely the same plan. After riding thirty or forty miles through such scenes, we look down upon a spacious valley, whose sides are covered with beautiful farms, and whose centre is a great salt meadow, covered with haystacks, which inform us of our vicinity to the sea. A ridge of highland, crowned with evergreens, having accompanied us for a mile or two, terminates abruptly in bold cliffs, beneath which is a most romantic little manufactory, upon a stream which winds along the sides of the mountain. It is a perfect fairy scene. Neither poet nor painter could have combined hanging woods and rocky precipices and winding streams more beautifully than nature has done it here, nor place dams and bridges and walks and buildings with more admirable adaptedness for the production of picturesque effect.

We come out at last upon the plain of New Haven. We glide along between rows of handsome wooden or brick houses, and through straight and level streets, crossing each other at right angles, until, in the very heart of the city, we

stop before a great hotel. Opposite to us is a spacious square, shaded with elm trees, where are placed the principal churches of the city, Methodist, Congregational, and Episcopalian, side by side; and beyond them a long line of brick buildings, with cupolas upon every other one; they are the colleges.

New Haven stands upon a bay, which extends four or five miles inland from Long Island sound. And yet its commerce is trifling; for supplies for the interior pass farther east, up the Connecticut river to Hartford. Its chief importance at the present day arises from the three or four hundred young men assembled there from all parts of the Union for education. On the green, among the churches, and in front of the college edifices, is a handsome state house, or rather half state house; for the contending sections of the state, which originally consisted of two distinct colonies, not being able to agree upon either of the great towns, Hartford or New Haven, as the capital, wisely concluded to compromise the difficulty by dividing the business of government between the two, so that the legislative assembly meets alternately at the northern and southern city. Two ranges of lofty hills come down from the interior through a most delightful country, and terminate abruptly in romantic precipices, known to all who have ever been within a hundred miles of New Haven by the names of East rock and West rock. These rocks may well rejoice in their position, so favora-

ble to celebrity, for every year brings a fresh hundred of admirers, who have nothing to do on all the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in the year but to explore them and write accounts of their wonders, to be read all over the United States. In this way it happens that probably East rock and West rock are better known than any mountains of their inches in the United States.

Besides, it was in a cavern, so called, in or near one of them, that the unhappy judges of Charles the First, who fled to this country for security, were for some time concealed. The place is called the Judges' cave to this day. I have never seen it, for having been sent on various fruitless expeditions to find caverns in New England, I have become long since discouraged, and have determined never to go in pursuit of another. The truth is, that New England, excepting a few feet of gravel and fruitful soil, is an enormous rock, too stubborn and too solid, too determined and unvarying in its integrity, to admit of a cavern. If a little chasm is worn at Nahant by the disintegration of a vein by the waves of the sea, or if among the White Hills a rock, heaved from its place by the frost, falls down to the valley below, and leans so much upon a fellow rock there that a man can creep under the cavity, the hollow goes by the name of cavern through all the country round; and such as these are all the caverns there are. What sort of a dwelling then the poor judges could have found among the sandstone and whin of West

rock, I do not know. At any rate they were there, and their grave-stones lean over the turf behind one of the churches on the city green.

But we must go on our way. In the morning, before light, you are awakened by a thundering rap at the door, and a waiter enters, and puts a light upon your table. You open the bed of coals upon the hearth, and throw on a little wood, split for the purpose, and by the aid of its light, and its cheering warmth, prepare for your morning expedition. The waiter goes to the other doors, and you hear his rappings, fainter and fainter as he goes off to the remote passage-ways. In a few minutes there is a gradual gathering round the great stove in the hall, or entry, so called. Black waiters are bringing baggage down, and securing it upon the stages at the door, for it is a mile to the steam-boat landing; and then, when all is ready, we once more take our seats and fly swiftly through the snowy streets, and turn the square corners of this geometrical city, until, at length, we draw up, among a dozen other hacks and sleighs of every kind, on the steam-boat wharf.

A steam-boat passage in December is very different from a steam-boat passage in June. Now every body hurries over the plank to the deck as soon as possible. The gentlemen remain just long enough to see their trunks and baggage safely upon the large pile of baggage which is fast accumulating upon the deck, and then go below. A

few, perhaps, to whom the whole scene is new, remain to watch the movements of the crew in storing the baggage and preparing to cast off. Upon the main deck, about midships, is erected the captain's office; behind it is the passage-way to the cabin; on each side are the boilers and the fire-rooms and wheel-houses, each inclosed, and altogether nearly covering that part of the deck; so that abaft these fixtures there is a snug and sheltered walk, with a long skylight passing up and down the centre to light the cabin below. Over the whole is extended another deck, which at once shelters all beneath it and serves also as a promenade in fine weather. In the fore part of this promenade deck is erected the helmsman's house, with closed sides,—an elevated and conspicuous post. But it is too cold to stand here; let us go below. As we descend the stairs, we are ushered into a long apartment, which, with its several divisions, extends from stem to stern. It is finished in an ornamental style, with birds-eye maple and mahogany, and fitted up with mirrors, stoves, tables, chairs, and every convenience for the traveller. A small portion far aft is divided off for a ladies' cabin, and has its separate communication with the deck. Another on the bows serves as a refreshment room. These are all connected by passages generally open, so that the whole scene is at once presented to the eye. In this apartment, lighted by lamps, for it is yet early, the passengers congregate, some hovering round the stove, some

stretching themselves out upon the settees which extend up and down the sides of the cabin, with cloaks and bundles for their pillows, endeavoring to finish their morning slumbers. There is silence, or rather there is no conversation, for noises of other kinds there are, in great variety. Presently the engineer's bell is heard; the great paddle wheels give one convulsive revolution; "Cast off the bowline," cries the captain; we wheel slowly round from the pier, and are soon rapidly making our way over the waves. We are under the guidance of our old friend the steam-engine once more, an amphibious monster, who will go where you bid him, either by sea or land. It is to him a matter of indifference whether he paddles his way upon the water or runs along upon a rail.

But let us change the scene, for winter is not the pleasantest time for passing through Long Island sound. Let us make it a pleasant morning in June; and then, instead of crowding below, the large party of ladies and gentlemen will be walking forth upon the promenade deck, or sitting in chairs behind the wheel-house, or leaning over the bows into the glassy water, which spreads all before us, gleaming in the morning sun. Sloops in great numbers, with their sails spread, trying to catch a breeze which does not blow, are slowly endeavoring to make their way to and from the great city. Others are passing to and from the various ports in the sound, and farther eastward,

bringing the farmer's produce to its market, and carrying back the growth of the West Indies, or the manufactures of Europe, in exchange. On our right we see the Connecticut shore, presenting every variety of landscape, villages, farms, groves, and verdant hills. On the other, far in the horizon, we distinguish the low shore of Long Island, like a slender bank of cloud lying upon the waters.

If we choose to remain below, we may amuse ourselves with the exact and systematic precision with which the waiters set the breakfast table for a hundred guests, drawing out the long extension tables, and bringing forward the countless articles which are to be placed upon them, with a regularity of method, in which a philosopher may see exemplified half the principles of the science of system; or we may join any of the groups which are formed in various parts of the cabin, discussing politics or talking about the news of the day. Those sedate looking young men on the settee are students in the theological schools of New Haven and Andover, accidentally together for a few hours, and embracing the opportunity to discuss the unintelligible distinctions of their respective theological views. Here is a country trader going to New York for goods. There is a member of congress, opening to the listening group around him, with a very generous hand, his stores of political knowledge. You may join any of these groups; or you may take out your writing

materials and carry forward your journal or bring up your correspondence; or you may walk upon the deck in the balmy air of a June morning.

In the mean time, the boat and the day move on together. The shores on each side begin to approach each other. The villages, the trees, the elegant country seats which adorn the shores, seem to draw nearer and nearer, until at last you find yourself in a narrow channel, on each side of which glides by you, as you plough your rapid way through the waters, a most beautiful shore, presenting in succession almost every variety of gay and splendid landscape. Here a dark grove covers the bank down to the very water's edge. In the middle of it you see a flight of steps descending to a little landing on the beach, and as you glide by you catch a glimpse of a walk leading back among the trees you know not where. Next to this comes a green lawn with a splendid mansion in the rear, then a bay with high wooded banks, contracting in the distance to a ravine, the channel of some rivulet whose waters here find their final level. Presently we sweep round a broad point, or wind our way through a curved and rocky channel. Here rises a shot tower, with picturesque cottages in the midst of verdant groves at its base; there spreads the extended façade of a great state prison.

Presently the spires and cupolas of the city begin to appear in the distance, and shops and wharves and lumber-yards multiply along the

shore. Now and then the great skeleton of a ship or a steam-boat glides by you, and straight streets, cut out, apparently, from the mighty mass of brick buildings which soon cover the whole surface of the ground, open for an instant and then close again as we pass swiftly by. In a word, the whole scene denotes our approach to the great metropolis, and reminds us that we are wandering from our subject. Our boat passed the limits of New England half an hour ago.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAVELLER'S HOME.

ENGLISH travellers have found much fault with the taverns which they meet with in our country. It is exceedingly unaccountable to them, that the taverns in the remote regions of a new country should not be as good as those in Liverpool and London. And some American apologists have endeavored to explain the reason, but have been very unsuccessful. It still remains a very fruitful topic for censure, in the minds of many of our charitable and good-humored tourists. As the subject is one that is very difficult to make plain to any understanding that is perplexed, we must waive its discussion, and simply plead guilty to the charge that in some parts of the country the inhabitants are but beginning the world, and they furnish such accommodations for the traveller as they can, rather than let them sleep in the woods. If there be indeed any charm in variety, the traveller in America may enjoy that charm in its utmost perfection. He will find in the first hotels in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, every convenience he is willing to pay for. And the price will be

about one-third what he would pay for the same accommodations in England. The experience of travellers has shown that a *pound* in England is worth about as much as a dollar here. Consequently to travel six months in England would cost three or four times as much as to travel the same time in this country, in a similar style.

But to return to the tavern. At the south, obsequious slaves stand behind the chair of every guest, to watch and anticipate every want. Suspension fans wave across the table, giving circulation to the air, and terror to every thievish fly. In the morning, before you rise a slave enters the room, empties your pockets, and takes out your clothes to brush; or in the winter, comes with soft tread to kindle the fire, that the lordly white may not feel the chill of cold air. He speaks in a subdued voice. His eye brightens at a kind word. He will not disobey. I must write it, though my pen moves reluctantly,—he knows the lash is in the yard! And yet the lash is a poor incentive to fidelity. Every thing appears as though done by slack and lazy men. The dinner comes upon the table profuse in quantity, and yet in the arrangement and the cookery there is an indescribable evidence of the want of accomplished attendants. The houses are shabbily built, and wasteful in external and internal arrangements. Even when offensive slovenliness is avoided, there is but little that appears like real home comfort. Occasionally a man of unusual skill will succeed in exciting in

the bosoms of his servants something like the ambition of freemen, and they will move with quick steps and happy faces, impelled not by the lash, but by the power of a skilful mind. Such cases are however rare. Once, in Richmond, Virginia, I wished to remove from a cheerless, gloomy room to another in a more pleasant part of the house. The bed clothes were to be changed and the room swept. The female slave employed herself more than an hour in this formidable undertaking. And when it was done, the dust was only raised into the air instead of being left quietly on the floor. Do you think this slave was lazy? Perhaps not. She was working for nothing. Why should she be active? Perhaps she was shrewd and wise.

The traveller in the south, who sees slavery only as it appears to him in the taverns and along the highways, must be deeply impressed with the fact that it is a most serious political and social curse, even if he have no heart to feel its iniquity in the sight of God. There is a paralysis upon industry and improvement, and joylessness sits upon the countenance of both master and slave. The southerners generally are not aware how far the northern states are in advance of them in intelligence and enterprise and power. Neither are the northerners aware under how many disadvantages their southern brethren are laboring.

One reason why the taverns in the south are not better, is to be found in the fact, that the

hospitality of the southerners is so profuse, that taverns are but poorly supported. A traveller, with the garb and the manners of a gentleman, finds a welcome at every door. A stranger is riding on horseback through Virginia or Carolina. It is noon. He sees a plantation, surrounded with trees, a little distance from the road. Without hesitation he rides to the door. The gentleman of the house sees his approach, and is already upon the steps.

“Can you furnish a stranger with refreshment for himself and horse?”

“Here, Thomas, Thomas, take this gentleman’s horse. Walk in, sir; walk in. Thomas, take good care of the horse. Rub him down well, and give him as much grain as he will eat. I am very happy to see you, sir; walk in.”

You enter the house. The best it affords is at your service. At once you are at home. Conversation flows cheeringly, for the southern gentleman has a particular tact in making a guest happy. After dinner you are urged to pass the afternoon and night, and if you are a gentleman in manners and information, your host will be in reality highly gratified by your so doing.

Such is the character of southern hospitality. And can many good taverns be supported in such a land? No! It is out of the question. The taverns are generally poor, and so they must continue, as long as the southerners continue as

free, and generous, and open-hearted as they now are.

I have wandered away from New England, but my readers will forgive me; for when my mind glanced to the south, I could not restrain a tribute of sympathy for the poor slave, and of admiration of the hospitality which adorns the southern character.

As you proceed from the south towards the north, you find the hum of business growing more incessant. Black faces become more rare. Population grows more dense. Stages and steam-boats are crowded. All is motion, and activity, and energy. Freedom sits on every countenance, and animates every heart. There is emulation in every trade and every employment; consequently improvement is marching forward in every direction, with giant strides. Immense hotels are continually filled with thronging crowds. There is encouragement for vast expenditures in erecting spacious buildings, and in furnishing them with every convenience and luxury. In these hotels a person may live as he pleases, either singly, or with his family. He may sit at the public table, or enjoy all the privacy of the most quiet domestic circle.

But the tourist who wishes to become acquainted with society and customs in New England, cannot very conveniently pass his whole time in Boston. He must sally out into the remote and thinly peopled country. He must ride in shattered and

ragged stages. He must wade through mud, be jostled over stones, climb steep hills, and run the risk of having his bones dislocated by rattling over *gridiron bridges*.* He must stop at taverns where he will smell tobacco smoke and New England rum. He must see tavern-keepers with red noses and bloated cheeks, the licensed pirates of the happiness and comfort of the community, filling every adjoining dwelling with drunkenness and woe. Of all the aspects of desolation and wretchedness which this world exhibits, I know of none more dreary than that of the bar room of the country tavern. Look at the floor, covered with dirty sand, stained in every part with tobacco juice, and the remnants of cigars, crushed and flattened out by the feet of those around. Look into the room, but do not enter; you will be suffocated with the murky vapors of tobacco which fill the apartment. See the close stove in the centre of the room, dirty and stained. It is cracked through the middle, and the smoke from the green wood is rising through the crack and puffing from the half burnt funnel, to mingle with the fumes which are issuing from the mouths of those wretched men who surround the stove. They are

* For the benefit of the reader who is in happy ignorance upon this subject, we would state, that a gridiron bridge is made of large logs, placed in contact with each other, directly across the road. The jostling in a Dutch wagon over these rough logs is an effectual cure for hypochondria in all its forms.

talking of politics, and deliberating upon the welfare of our country.

The son of the tavern-keeper is behind the bar. He is mingling a glass of rum and molasses for that poor, ragged, trembling man, who is reaching out his hand to receive it. Do you see those little marks with chalk upon the pannels of the door, four in a row, and then one crossing the four? It is the bar-keeper's account-book. There are twenty of those marks already scored within the week. The wretched drunkard's cow is to be sold at auction to settle the arrears.

Do you wish to see where he lives? Look across the street; there is his home, that blackened, weather-beaten house, with no yard before it. There are two or three sticks of wood lying before the door, and a dull axe upon the ground. There is one of his little girls, now, looking out of the broken pane of the window. That pale, thin, emaciated woman, with a hemlock broom in her hand, is his wife. There goes another of his children; that ragged little boy, bareheaded and barefooted, running around the corner of the house. I wonder the ice does not cut his feet.

Oh, traveller, if you have a heart to feel for human woe, you cannot look upon this scene without shedding tears. Just glance your eye at the neighboring houses. There is hardly one to be seen that is not blasted and desolate. Each one is a drunkard's home. Get away from the infection as soon as you can. Jump into the stage,

close your eyes for a few miles, and you will gradually pass beyond the reach of the curse, and behold more blooming fields, and happier homes. The ingenuity of Satan himself can hardly devise a more effectual instrument of poverty and woe, than these publicly instituted fountains of rum. Wherever you find such a tavern, it is a manufactory of drunkards; it is inflicting upon the very earth a curse of sterility; it is a distillery of earthly woe, in every variety in which it can agonize and lacerate the human heart.

Neither war, nor pestilence, nor famine, can furnish such frightful tales as intemperance. And when the history of the world shall be reviewed from the remote periods of eternity, and the amount of earthly woe shall be measured, we cannot doubt that intemperance will stand pre-eminent above all the other causes of earthly misery. "Ah," said a lady to us, a few days since, "I have wept till I have no more tears to shed." She was a lady, though she was sitting, in mid winter, in a cold and unfurnished room, with but a few coals burning upon her cheerless hearth. She was a lady in heart, and mind, and manners, though her children were but scantily dressed, and the abode of poverty and sorrow was her home. Her childhood was passed in the house of intelligence and piety. Her youthful marriage was bright, and sunny days were before her. But the rum seller poisoned her husband's mind and his heart, and made him a brute. The agony was consuming

at her heart, seen by others, untold by herself. Business forsook her husband's unfaithful hands, and she silently wept by day and by night. Property disappeared, and she shrunk, appalled, as destruction approached nearer, with sure and dreadful steps. One article of furniture after another left the house, and still she had nought to do but to look to God in the agony of her broken heart. Thus she lingered along through the slow torture of years. Winter came, with its stormy blasts, and its driving snow. The beggared wife and children shivered around their cheerless fire. The drunken husband smoked his pipe and drank his rum at the tavern stove. And now came the climax. The last farthing was gone. Many petty debts were constantly annoying the ruined man. His family were now but half fed and half clothed. He must either forsake his cups and try to support them, or forsake them and retain his cups. Can any one doubt how a drunkard would decide? He chose, as every drunkard, under similar circumstances, would have done, to forsake his family. And secretly he left them, without one word of adieu, in friendlessness and penury, to meet the storms of adversity as they could. But the forsaken wife shed no tear. The agony of her heart had grown too hard and solid to be melted. "I cannot weep," she said; "I have wept so long that I have no more tears to shed."

Oh, who can conceive the anguish which for years has been settling around that habitation.

And there are hundreds of such ruined families in our land. And yet the poison circulates freely, and men who will soberly call themselves good members of society are extending far and wide the destruction.

But we must leave the bar room of the tavern, and proceed to other scenes. There is to me a high degree of pleasure in travelling through a new country. The new scenes of nature, continually presented in ever-varied aspects, excite an endless variety of emotions in the mind. Here is a granite cliff, rising majestically among the clouds and bidding defiance to the storms of heaven. Imagination can find work for hours in clambering its heights, in passing from crag to crag, and in musing upon their eternal solitudes. How sublimely does the midnight winter storm sweep over them. And there they have stood in grandeur, listening to the music of the tornado, when no eye but that of the roving Indians beheld them—yes, far back when the voice of man had not been heard in the vast continent; perhaps there they have stood, silently noting the lapse of time, since God said “let the dry land appear.”

Just as imagination is taking wing for such a flight, a turn in the road presents to the eye an entirely new spectacle. The unbroken forest sweeps sublimely through the valley. The streamlet from the mountain has already expanded into a small but beautiful river, which glides serenely under the shade of protecting trees. Here the

Indian has loved to wander. Here he has pursued his game, and the smoke from his wigwam has curled up from beneath these boughs. This forest has resounded with the shouts of his playful children, and often perhaps has its solemn stillness been pierced with the war-cry and the din of the battle. Reader, are you fond of *reverie*? Go to the eternal solitudes of the American forest; place yourself upon some sunny slope, where you can gaze upon the craggy mountain, the sweeping wilderness, the embosomed lake, the gliding stream; listen for a moment to the awful stillness which pervades the scene, and you may feast your soul to satiety.

Look far away upon that vast swell of land which rises upon the opposite side of the valley. How gloomy yet grand is the dark forest which is waving along its majestic base, covering the whole slope with verdure, living, moving, and graceful as the drapery of the skies. Do you see that little spot in the forest where a few trees appear to have been removed? It is the clearing of the settler. If you look carefully you can just see the smoke rising from his cabin. The road, or rather path, into the adjoining township passes directly by his door. It is the half-way house where the traveller must pass the night. That man keeps a tavern. I will mount my horse and ride on, or the night-fall will overtake me in this dark and almost pathless forest. It would be a little too romantic to have to pass the night under one of these trees.

It is said that bears are frequently seen here, and now and then a wolf makes his appearance.

Just as the dusk of the evening was deepening into night, I arrived at the log house of the settler—at the tavern in the wilderness. And it is a fact which must be acknowledged, that there was no soft bed of down spread for my weary limbs. There was no neatly furnished parlor, with its literary treasures for my evening recreation. It was a New England tavern, and a miserable one too. Miserable, do I say? No! I am wrong. It was a tavern at which a man who had a spice of humanity in him would love to arrive; where he would pass a happy night, and in the morning leave his benediction with the kind-hearted inmates as he went on his way.

But let us enter the tavern.

“Good evening, madam. Can you accommodate me with lodgings here to-night?”

“Oh yes, sir, with such as we have. Walk in, sir, and take a seat.”

She does not say take a *chair*, for the very good reason that there is not a chair in the house.

“Sit down, sir, and I will get the lantern, that you may see to take care of your horse. Husband has gone away about a dozen miles to mill, and I do not expect him home till late.”

The traveller takes the lantern and goes to the pile of logs called a barn, and provides his horse with suitable food and lodging for the night. When he returns, the rough board floor has been

faithfully swept by the hemlock broom; the room is neat, and an immense fire blazing upon the stone hearth renders the light of candles useless. The white pine table is in the middle of the room. It is ornamented with a tin tea-pot, and an iron tea-spoon in the cup placed for the stranger. A cup of molasses invites him to make his tea palatable, and two or three steaming Indian cakes, hot from the fire, send up their clouds of incense from the centre of the table. The man who will not rub his hands with comfort, as in a chilly September evening he enters such a room and sits down to such a table, before the cheerful blaze of such a fire, has not a good conscience. The man who is at peace with himself and with the world will feel in such a scene unusual emotions of pleasure. His happiness will shine in his countenance, and animate his conversation, and pass by sympathy to the heart of the good woman, who is making every exertion to promote the comfort of her guest. He will sit down to that table with a grateful heart, and will express to God, in words, his thanks, that his wants are so well supplied. Yes, give me an evening's chat in the log house of that lonely settler, and I will look without envy upon all the pleasures that the votaries of frivolity have ever found. If one has the feelings of the Christian, he will close that evening's interview with prayer and thanksgiving to God, that he has furnished him with so comfortable a lodge in the vast wilderness.

The great secret of happiness is a contented mind. Peace of conscience, like the sun, will gild the dampest and the heaviest clouds with glorious hues. Whenever such a man wanders in the boundless empire of God, he carries his own happiness with him. In the crowded hotels or on the thronged pavement of the metropolis, in the motley assemblage of the deck or the cabin of the steam-boat, in the lonely solitudes of the wilderness, or by the cheerful blaze of the settler's fire, he carries with him the same peaceful heart, the same imperturbable joy.

As far as enjoyment is concerned, it is better to be born a good-natured dog than an ill-natured man; it is better to have the small-pox than the blues; and to be digging, like the mole, in the bowels of the earth, than to be cursed with the infirmity of eternal grumbling. A man may make himself as miserable as he pleases. If he will stick out his elbows as he walks the pavement, he must expect now and then to be knocked down by some sturdy bully. If he will take it upon himself to chastise every churlish cur he meets, he must expect occasionally to feel the impression of teeth upon his heels. It is said of the eccentric John Randolph, that a political opponent, who wished to draw him into a quarrel, one day boldly met him on the sidewalk of Washington, with the remark, "I do not turn out for every vile scoundrel I meet." "But I," said Randolph, with an expressive wave of his hand, "always do;"

and suiting the action to the word, he turned one side, and peacefully went on his way. If we make battle whenever others show fight, we shall have a busy life.

The genuine grumbler, in our lowly tavern, would have scolded and fretted that he had to take care of his own horse. He would have looked with contempt at the good woman's molasses, and have vented his spleen upon every thing which did not correspond with the elegances of more refined life. He would have passed the evening in brooding over his hardships, and filled whole pages of his journal in describing the insolence of New England inn-holders, and the miserable accommodations they furnish their guests.

"This land of democracy," he would write, in the vehemence of his indignation, "my soul loathes it. Will it be believed, that one day, when fatigued with a long journey over the most detestable roads, I called at a tavern for a night's refreshment, and the insolent woman handed me a lantern to go to the barn and take care of my own horse!!"

I heard the keeper of one of these distant houses of entertainment once complaining very much that a gentleman had called there a few days before, and in the morning had ordered his horse without accompanying the tavern-keeper to the barn to assist in harnessing him. And the tavern-keeper was right in his complaint. It was the universal custom in those remote regions. And

the true gentleman will conform to the social customs of the people with whom he sojourns. If the stranger had been a true gentleman, he would have seen almost intuitively in what state of society he was placed. He would have felt that he had passed beyond the limits of artificial courtesies,—that he was in those regions of loneliness where every man should be the friend and the equal of his fellow.

A gentleman, travelling a short time since in New England, entered a village just in the evening twilight. He saw a sign-post standing at a little distance from a neat house, which looked like just such a home as the traveller would like to find. The stranger was not much acquainted with New England society, and was much delighted with the appearance of the house, and the taste which was displayed in ornamenting the grounds. He reined up his horse at the door, and, guided by the light which shone through the window-curtains, he entered the parlor. He was still more surprised at the scene which was here presented to his view, and for a moment he thought he had made some mistake. The room was furnished with taste and elegance. A gentleman was seated at the centre-table, reading by the rich and subdued light of the astral lamp. His wife and two or three daughters were seated at the same table, plying the needle, and listening to the book which the husband and father was reading.

"Can you accommodate me with supper and lodging?"

The landlord, as if surprised, hesitated a moment, regarded the stranger with a penetrating look, and then, as if prepossessed favorably by his appearance, hastily replied,

"Oh yes, sir, yes, sir; walk in."

As the stranger removed his outer garments, and seated himself by the fire, the bell was rung, and the servant, with modest and noiseless steps, entered the room.

"Thomas, you may bring in the boot-jack and some slippers for this gentleman, and then take good care of his horse. What would you like for tea, sir?"

By this time the stranger was at home, and congratulating himself upon finding such very excellent quarters. He was delighted with his host and his wife, and her daughters. He did not feel degraded, but rather elevated, in passing his evening with such a family, and was much surprised at the intelligence and refinement which were manifested.

Engaged in delightful conversation, the evening fled swiftly away; and as the bell of the neighboring church tolled the hour of nine, the domestics were called into the parlor, and the scenes of the day were concluded by the evening sacrifice of prayer. The gentleman retired to rest, and in his chamber was still more struck with the display of cultivated taste which was everywhere presented.

Early in the morning he arose, and found that the interesting family were prepared to sit down with him at the morning meal. As the hour came for him to proceed on his journey, he called for his bill.

“Oh,” was the reply, “if you will only favor us with your company whenever you again pass this way, we shall feel still more that the debt is on our side, and not on yours.”

An explanation ensued, and the stranger found that the sign-post belonged to another house, and that he had passed the evening, not in a tavern, but in the domestic circle of one of the most intelligent professional gentlemen of the state. For a moment he was confused and mortified, but as his mind glanced back upon his conduct since he had been in the family, his mortification ceased. He had done nothing of which he had cause to be ashamed. It is safe to be a gentleman at all times and in all places. And he was a man whose benignity of heart and intelligence of mind rendered him just such a guest as every intelligent family would love to welcome to their fireside.

The family and the stranger parted mutually pleased with each other, and as the traveller retraced his steps to his southern home, he carried with him the impresssion that hospitality is not confined to any state or clime.

CHAPTER XI.

THE IRISHMAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

"PATRICK?"

"What, your honor?"

"How do you like America?"

"Pretty well, your honor, but it is not like old Ireland; I wish I were back there again."

"And why did you leave Ireland if it is so pleasant a country?"

"Sure I was a fool; if I had known then as much as I know now, I never would have left old Ireland."

"Why, what kind of a country did you suppose this was?"

"Indeed, they told me that dollars were as plenty here as berries upon the bushes, and they were free for gathering. I thought I would have nothing to do but pick them up. But I find I was sadly mistaken. I have to work much harder here than I did in my own country. I wish I could get back again."

"Well, Patrick, why don't you go back? we could spare a few of your countrymen as well as not."

“Ah, please your honor, I would go back very shortly if I could afford to; but money is so scarce in this country, I cannot get enough to pay my passage.”

“Do you really, Patrick, want to get back to Ireland?”

“Do I? Indeed I do. I would give all I have in the world to get back. If I could see my poor old father again, I would not leave Ireland till I should die.”

“Well, Patrick, I’ll tell you what. I have a ship that sails week after next for Dublin, and as you want to get home so much, I will give you your passage.”

“And sure you are joking with me.”

“No, I am not joking. I was never more serious. I shall be glad to do you a favor, and this, which will be so great a favor to you, I can do with but very little inconvenience to myself.”

“Your honor is very kind. But I expect my brother here in a few weeks, and I should miss seeing him. He will be a stranger when he comes, and will much want to see me.”

“Your brother! what in the world is he coming here for? Has he not heard from you since you arrived?”

“Oh yes, I wrote for him to come, and sent him some money to pay his passage. I was so lonely here I could not live without some of my friends.”

“But how could you deceive your brother so? Will not he be as much disappointed when he gets

here as you were? It is not treating him very kindly to induce him to leave so pleasant a country as Ireland and come to this country, where money is so scarce, and it is so hard to obtain a living."

"Ah! misery loves company, your honor."

"Well, are any other of your friends coming?"

"Yes, my father and mother are coming with my brother. And I had two cousins who came last week. And my sister with her husband are coming next month."

"And have they all heard from you since you came here?"

"Oh yes!"

"And you have advised them to come over here, haven't you?"

"Ah, your honor, the government is bad in Ireland. It is a beautiful country, far better than this. I can get a better living there; but the government is bad."

"Well, you must be a strange fellow to leave so pleasant a country as Ireland and come to such a barren land as this, and after you get here and see what a miserable country it is to write for all your friends to come over. Why in the world is it that so many come? Every ship from Ireland is loaded with emigrants. I should think that by this time they would have found out from their friends here what kind of a country this is."

"Ah, they don't know; that is why they come. They would be very glad to get back again."

“Well, Patrick, now tell me honestly, did you ever send word to any of your friends in Ireland, that they had better not come to this country?”

“Why—why—eh—no, your honor. Do you think I would abuse America?”

“Well, Patrick, have not you always told them that they had better come—that they can get a better living here than they can in Ireland?”

“Please your honor, I was afraid to tell the truth. In Ireland, they think if a man cannot do well in America, he must either drink too much or be lazy. And if I had written home that it was a hard country and they had better stay where they are, they would say, Patrick has got into bad habits. He is lazy or a drunkard. So you see I was compelled, to save my character, to tell them to come.”

“A very ingenious defence, Patrick. It is a pity you were not bred a lawyer. But any time when you wish to write home to tell your countrymen to stay where they are, I will give you a certificate to send with the letter, that there are very few of your countrymen in America that are more sober and industrious than you.”

Such is the substance of the conversation which we have often held with emigrants from the Emerald isle. It is to most New Englanders a subject of unceasing astonishment where these locust legions of Irish emigrants can come from. Almost every ship that crosses the Atlantic empties its stock of live Irish upon our wharves. They swarm

our cities. In begging groups they wander through our villages. They are found all over our land, almost in numbers without number. They enter every port along our sea-coast, and are continually pouring down upon us from Canada in innumerable hordes. They are treasured up in our prisons, in our poor-houses, in our lunatic asylums. They dig our docks, and excavate our rail-roads, and scour our brasses. We do not know what we should do without them. We do not know what we shall do with them.

They are pouring in upon us yearly, in ever-increasing numbers. They come not to be governed, but to help us govern ourselves. They have no property to lose, no character at stake, no intelligence to guide. They are ripe for fun and frolic and mobs.* They fight for pure pleasure. A real bloody battle of fists and clubs is mere recreation. A bruised cheek and a black eye is ornamental. Muscular strength is the only test of merit; "Your honor" to the priest and a fee for sin, the only test of religion.

A gentleman was passing a deep cut in one of our rail-roads a short time since, where a gang of Irish diggers were for a day thrown out of employ, and he saw about fifty of them engaged in a tremendous battle. Solid fists hit quick and hard, now and then aided with a club and occa-

* And yet, in justice to them, it must not be forgotten, that by far the worst mob which we have had for many years was an outrage by Americans against them.

sionally with a stone. A party of about fifty had drawn a line across the road, and equally divided their number, for a little Irish fun. In pure good nature, and for a little special enjoyment, they were to reciprocate the favors of black eyes and broken heads.

Did ever a good wife go with *wisely* pride to hear her husband deliver a fourth of July oration? Did ever an honorable senator's lady feel a little honorable herself as she hastened into the chamber of national councils to behold the listening senate hanging upon her husband's lips? And did not the good Irish washerwomen who skirted the road on this occasion, with their children in their arms, to enjoy the excitement, the fun, and the frolic of the bloody fray, feel matronly pride as they saw the hard blows that the "good man" received and returned. Ask an Irishman or an Irish woman, "What is the chief end of man?" and if you get an honest answer, it will be, "To be able to whip every other man."

These frays neither begin nor end in children's play. Said an Irishman, after he had fairly killed his antagonist, and was arrested for manslaughter, "Faith, it is not fair to take me to the prison, for he promised he would not take the law on me." The hard knuckles of the mud digger will make an impression even upon his countryman's head; and even when fighting in good fun, it is with all the energy and fire and fury of the most unrestrained madness. The object is, to see which

will give the other a most thorough beating. The one who is most handsomely bruised and mangled and crippled is the most signally conquered. "Ah," said an Irishman, after being knocked down two or three times with a walnut club, "it is the only bit of fun I have had since I left Ireland."

In different parts of the country, these battles between the emigrants from different counties in Ireland often become so serious as to alarm an extended community. The militia are called out, and march three or four hundred of them to the jails.

The fact is, our country is made the Botany Bay for the reception of the vices and poverty of Europe. Britain bequeaths to us the rich legacy of her paupers; and every scoundrel who is in danger of being hung or transported, jumps on board the emigrant's ship, and is set loose upon our shores, to help us try the experiment of a free government. If he happens to arrive in New York at the time of the elections, he receives a glass of rum to qualify him for a voter, takes any oath you please, for the priest will pardon him, and marches at once from the "steerage" to the polls. This is a free country. Therefore he is not only free himself to vote, but also free to swing his "shilalah" to prevent others from voting. More than once have our large cities been disgraced by the tumult of an Irish mob, sweeping through the streets. We do say, without the fear of being contradicted by any intelligent American,

that our country has more to fear from the hordes of poor and ignorant emigrants that are crowding into it, than from any other known danger, unless, perhaps, from slavery and intemperance. We would open our arms of welcome wide for the poor and oppressed, if industrious and honest. But it is intolerable that our beautiful institutions must be endangered, and our happy country desolated by the dregs produced by European misrule. We repeat it again, we would by no means exclude from our shores either the suffering rich or poor; nor, on the other hand, would we elevate at once the inmates of the mud cabins of Ireland into the freemen of America. We would not hold the privileges of American citizenship so cheap that the man who can neither read nor write, whose vote may be bought for rum, and whose oath is valueless, and who all his life has been held in check only by the bayonets of a standing army,—that such a man shall march in his rags from the ship to say who shall be our rulers, and what shall be our laws. Poverty is not a crime. Want of intelligence is not a crime, when no means of obtaining it have been enjoyed. Neither is it oppressive in us to refuse to hazard our freedom by intrusting its keeping to those who know not the value of freedom, and who, if they felt its worth ever so deeply, know not how the sacred treasure is to be retained. Let others enjoy all the privileges which our laws and our liberty afford. Let them come and find a home in our

wide land, with none to molest and none to make afraid, free to pursue their temporal or their spiritual interests as they see fit. Provided they interfere not with the rights of others, let them seek happiness in their own way. Let them speak freely of our habits and our religion, and let us speak freely of theirs. Let this land be the unobstructed arena for the interchange of argument and the circulation of truth. Let each man be at liberty to think what he pleases and to say what he thinks. But let us not deliver up our government and laws to foreigners, tutored in the schools of despotism, and incapacitated for self-government by ignorance and vice.

Within the last few months our country has made a rapid descent towards the gulf of anarchy. We have laws which work admirably, and are abundantly sufficient for protection in a time of general quietude. But when the storm arises, and the waves of passion are excited, our laws, like Xerxes' bridge of boats, are borne in fragments upon the billows. There are tales here too painful for an American pen to record.

The influence of the Catholic priest over the Irish emigrants is very peculiar and powerful. It is said that a few days since, in one of our manufacturing villages, a priest came from the city, and in the course of the afternoon pardoned seventy dollars' worth of sins;—a very profitable half-day's job! It seems strange how the priests can, in this country, retain so powerful a hold

upon their minds. This influence has at times been wielded for very beneficial purposes, but no one can doubt that on the whole it is infinitely disastrous, that the independence of the mind should be thus destroyed, and the soul enchained with such shackles. It is almost in vain to argue with an Irish Catholic. He is impervious to reason.

A few years since we were on board a vessel, prosecuting a voyage of a few days, and had for a fellow-passenger one of the most ignorant, wild and uncultivated Irishmen we had ever seen. He was a stout, brawny man, with muscles of apparently enormous strength; but clumsy in all his movements. Every day he would be seen lounging at full length on the deck, basking in the sun, or singing some of the harsh songs of his native land in his own wild and uncouth dialect. Now and then he would look up to direct some uncourtly but good-humored remark to the passer-by. Occasionally he was drunk,—always swearing. He seemed to be a good-natured fellow, hardly equal in intelligence to the captain's dog, with which he formed a very intimate acquaintance. The vessel in which we were sailing was a small and mean schooner, with but one cabin, into which captain, sailors, and passengers were all huddled together. The uncouth appearance of this Irishman would have attracted any one's attention, and as he was full of talk, no one could help smiling at his ludicrous observations.

Often, as I was walking the deck, I would hear many a loud roar of laughter from the cabin, excited by the rude fun and frolic of this overgrown and half-tamed man.

He was a Roman Catholic, of course. Whether he could read or not I do not know, but he had an old tattered prayer-book, which was frequently in his hands. It was too dirty and torn to admit of much reading by any body, and looked as though it had been kept in his pocket for years as a charm from all evil. He frequently fumbled it as a precious relic, and would then replace it with much care in his waistcoat pocket, which said waistcoat resembled Joseph's coat of many colors when presented to Jacob torn and spoiled.

I had recently seen so much of Catholic superstition, that I considered it almost hopeless to undertake to lead him to reflection. One bright sunny day I was pacing the deck in all the listlessness of a calm at sea, and our wild Irishman was upon the deck, leaning, half asleep, against the railing. As I passed and repassed him I thought of his character and his prospects; of the dreadful delusion under the influence of which he was hurrying to eternity; and resolved that I would try to make known to him "Christ and him crucified."

After thinking some time in what way it was best to introduce the subject, I concluded to address him and take advantage of the circumstances which might present themselves. Accordingly I

walked up to him, and the following conversation ensued.

“How long is it since you left Ireland?”

“About two years; and I wish I were at home again. They told me that dollars grew upon the bushes in America, but they picked the bushes pretty clean before I got here.”

“Have you any near relatives in Ireland now?”

“Yes, a father and five brothers, and a right good father have I got too; he can whip any two men in the parish.”

“What book is that you have in your hand? Let me see it.”

“It is almost worn out. It is my prayer-book. I always keep that with me. I brought it from Ireland.”

“Ah! you are a Catholic, then, are you?”

“Yes, almost all our people are Catholics.”

“A few years ago, almost every body who believed in the Christian religion was a Catholic. But now the Roman Catholic religion is dying away; people know too much to believe in it.”

“It is the only true religion. Nobody can fit a person off for heaven but the priest.”

“Ah, but the worst of it is they cheat you. They cannot help your souls. All they want is your money.”

“No! but they can work miracles, and the parson cannot. If the parson’s religion was true, why could not he work miracles as well as the

priest? And if a man offends the priest, how is he going to get out of purgatory?"

"Purgatory! how do you know that there is any purgatory? That is all the work of your priests. They want to get your money, and pretend that if you do not give it to them, your souls will be in purgatory."

"But I know better than that, for persons after they have died have come back, and have begged their friends to give the priest money to pray their souls out of purgatory, and haunted them till they did do it. I knew a man who died close by my father's, and all the neighbors heard him groan in purgatory till the priest prayed him out."

"But, only think how easily you might cheat a person so. You have got wit enough to pretend to be a ghost and frighten a person, and so have the priests."

"Well, I do n't care; the priests can work miracles, I know. I saw the priest work a miracle before I left Ireland. He turned a man into a cow."

"Ah! let me hear the story."

"It was right by my father's house in Ireland. There were a great many hundred people there. And there was a man who was mad with the priest. He saw the priest going by, and he went out and cursed him. The priest told him he had better stop; and he would not stop. He swore and cursed the priest, and all the people heard him. Then the priest turned round and said to

all the people, 'Now do you look and see God punish this man for his sins.' Then the priest looked at him, and pointed at him with his finger, and said a few words that nobody could understand, and the man was turned into a cow. And the people were all frightened, and looked at the cow, and while they were looking, her horns grew out *two miles high into the air.*"

Would that we could put upon paper the ludicrous expression of credulity, amazement, and awe which filled the countenance of this man as he went on with the marvels of his narration. I could neither restrain my laughter nor conceal its cause from my good-natured companion. It was a breach of civility for which I was sorry, but the flood came and could not be repressed. My mirth, however, produced no relaxation of the iron features of the Irishman. He fixed his unwinking eyes upon me in utter astonishment that I could laugh at so fearful a narration. And yet, controlling his feelings better than I did mine, he manifested no displeasure at my mirth. At last, regaining some degree of composure, I said,

"Now do you really believe this story?"

"Believe it!" he replied, "*I know* it is true. It was done right at my father's house."

"But did you *see* it done?"

"No; but my father did, and I never knew him to tell a lie in my life!"

By this time I found I was worsted in the argument; for, of course, I could not be so uncivil

as to deny the veracity of his father, especially a father so "right good" that he could whip any two men in the parish. I, however, took the liberty to let him know of some of the tricks which have been practised in the church in past ages to strengthen the influence of those who love money and power.

We then moved on to another topic.

I had recently witnessed a scene which impressed me very deeply with a sense of the ignorance and the wretchedness of this part of the community. It was in the British provinces. I was passing a wretched looking hovel one sultry summer evening a short time after sunset. A large hole sawed through the logs of the cabin was the only window. A suspended blanket partially covered the opening; about half of it, however, was uncovered for the admission of the air. Through this I could not help observing the scene which was presented inside of the cabin. In one corner, upon a pile of straw, and about half-covered with rags, was lying the pale and emaciated form of a dying man. His long and bony arms were resting upon the floor. As he lay upon his back, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, his bosom could be distinctly seen heaving with hard-drawn breaths. Some persons were standing carelessly about, apparently unmoved by the spectacle. Around his miserable pallet a few tall candles were burning. I stopped a moment to gaze upon

this sight, for such poverty and wretchedness I had seldom seen before.

The next day at noon I again passed the house. The blanket from the window had been taken down, and nothing obstructed the clear view of the interior. The man was lying in very much the same attitude as the evening before. The tall candles were replaced, and still blazing by the side of his bed.

This occurrence I mentioned to the Irishman with whom I was now conversing, and said to him,

“Michael, why were they burning those candles by the side of the dying man’s bed?”

“And sure it was to light the poor man’s soul into eternity.”

“They tell me that that man was a very wicked man. He was a profane swearer and a drunkard. Do you suppose he went to heaven?”

“And sure he did, if the priest was with him when he died. There is nobody can fit one off for heaven like the priest.”

“Well, Michael, do you suppose *you* are prepared to die, and to account to God for all your conduct in this world.”

“Oh,” said he, “I am in no hurry to die. I would like to enjoy my life out.”

“But suppose you were to die now, do you think you should go to heaven?”

“Yes, the priest would fit me off in some way or another. He has rather a harder job with

some than with others, but he fits us all off as well as he can."

"But suppose the vessel should spring a leak, and we should now all be drowned, and you have no priest here to fit you off, what would you do then?"

"Oh, I must take my chance. I suppose somehow or other it would all come right in the end. Here, Neptune—Neptune—Neptune, come here, my good fellow;" and he began to pat the shaggy head of the captain's dog. "This is a rare water-dog; only see how he can swim;" and walking to the side of the deck, he pitched the huge fellow over into the ocean.

The dog began to gamble about in the element he loved so well, and I, admiring the ingenuity with which our conference had been closed, resumed my walk to and fro upon the deck.

Poor fellow, I thought, benighted as is your mind, and gloomy as are your prospects, there are thousands of Protestants, boasting themselves of intelligence and virtue, who are equally ignorant of the gospel plan of salvation, and who are far less excusable for their ignorance.

One thing is very certain, if such men as this are to have much influence at the polls in our country, our Yankee boasting will be like that of the Greenlander, who swallows his train oil, and pities the barbarians of all other lands. The elective franchise must be highly esteemed and sacredly guarded, or the period is not remote when

the historian will record the rise and fall of the American republic. We would have no religious test in this land. But we would not hand over our dear-bought liberties to the protection of those who have nothing to lose, and whose only ideas of government have been acquired under institutions almost in every respect the reverse of our own. I will give the stranger in my family a hospitable welcome, but I will not place in his hands the government of my children. So would I open America as a refuge and a home to the foreigner of every nation and every clime. I would invite him to the produce of our fertile soil, to the protection of our laws. But let him not aid in making our laws and choosing our rulers, till he has become so thoroughly Americanized as to have lost his national character and the predilections of a foreigner. New England can look at some parts of our country and learn an impressive lesson upon this subject. If she be not perfectly reckless of her future weal, she will not forget the warning.

Most of the Irish emigrants live in this country as a distinct *caste*. They associate but very little with the Americans. They move about among us from dock to dock, and from rail-road to rail-road, retaining their ignorance, their customs, and their prejudices. They do not appear to imbibe the light that is around them. They seem to make no advances as moral or intellectual beings. There is a kind of clanship among them which

secludes them from intercourse with Americans, and by which they are shielded from receiving enlightening influences from the spirit of our laws and the prevailing intelligence. A gang of Irish laborers upon a rail-road must be carefully watched by the overseer and spurred on by his voice to their work. But Yankee laborers will not endure for one moment this kind of oversight; neither do they need it. Look at a gang of fifty Irishmen, and you can select a Yankee, if there be one among them, almost as readily as you could if he were surrounded by so many negroes.

They seem to be studiously guarded against the influence of the intelligence so generally circulating here. A few years since, in one of the interior towns of Massachusetts, there were about a dozen Catholics who could neither read nor write, and some benevolent gentlemen invited them to meet in a room for two hours every Sabbath morning, to learn to read. They very willingly accepted the invitation, and for six weeks attended constantly. They were making very encouraging progress, when, unfortunately, the priest, in passing his rounds, entered the village to pardon their sins. The next Sabbath, not one of them was found in the usual place of meeting. And never after could any persuasions induce them to peril their souls by a repetition of the offence.

Our free schools are open to all, but it is very unusual to see an Irish child in any one of them. There are between three and four hundred Irish-

men in one district which I have now in my mind. Their cabins are swarming with children. There are free schools in that district, open to all, and yet I believe that not one solitary child is a partaker of the benefits of those schools. They are growing up as their parents did before them, in total ignorance. They are thus effectually prevented from rising to those points of virtue and intelligence to which every lover of man must wish to see them rise. It is hard that they must be thus kept down to be the mere drudges of the world. They demand our commiseration and our sympathy. It is the cool, calculating policy of others which thus crushes as with a giant weight the spiritual man. There is much to palliate the Irishman's crimes, and to excuse his faults. And after all, there is much to admire in the Irish character. He is free and open-hearted as the day. He has always a heart to feel for an unfortunate countryman. He feels the force of kindness; I know not where to look for more *heart*; true, it is uncultivated, but still it is *real heart*, after all; and even in the wildest and most ruthless gang, you will find that the majority are a set of good-hearted fellows. I love the Irish character; but heaven preserve our institutions from Irish votes. Welcome, ye sons of Erin, to the shores of Columbia; welcome to the protection of our government, and to the inheritance of our soil. But touch not the sacred ark of

American liberty with unsanctified hands. An Irish bull is innocent and laughable in its place; but a blunder in our government is not to be laughed at; it may retard for centuries the liberties of the world.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

WE have thus brought before the reader such of the social institutions of New England as exhibit most strongly the peculiarities in the character of her people. There are many other subjects which might have been discussed with equal advantage, if time and space had allowed. We have already, perhaps, written more than our readers will take an interest in perusing, and we close with a few remarks upon the genius of the New England character.

The key to this character is found in the circumstances of our origin. There are two great peculiarities which have always been noted as the most striking features of our social condition; they are called by various names, and exhibited in various lights, according to the feelings or circumstances of the observer, or according to the relation he sustains to us as friend or foe.

The first relates to religion. The founders of these communities were, to an extent which has perhaps never been exceeded in any human community, *religious men*.

They came to worship God, and to form institutions on a religious model; and the effects of the influence they exerted in Boston and Plymouth two hundred years ago, have come down through children and grandchildren almost unimpaired. They have spread, too, everywhere, to places which the originators of them never saw—far away upon the banks of the Connecticut and the Kennebec, and among the remotest glens of the Green mountains. A religious spirit pervades the land, and views of religious truth, characterized by all the sublime conceptions which our forefathers entertained of the government of God, still hold their ground among the millions of their posterity. Philosophy, infidelity, worldliness, have been able to make but a small encroachment yet upon this field.

This religious spirit, the hereditary faith and feeling of the country, shows itself in various ways, or rather it runs out to various results, some bad, some good; and the various observers who have given descriptions of us, have looked at these various results according to their own inclinations or feelings. One of its results is the extent to which the institutions of the gospel are sustained by the voluntary contributions of the people. Scarcely a village which has not its two or three churches, of various denominations; and the farming towns are divided into parishes, each of which has its "*society*," its church, and its meeting-house; for here the word church is almost exclusively employed to designate the body

of professing Christians. This is all done by the voluntary efforts of the people, or at least without the application of any other force than that of public opinion. The success, therefore, of the plan of supporting the gospel in this country by the voluntary efforts of the people, is owing to the religious spirit by which the people are pervaded; and of course it would by no means be safe to infer that in another community, different in this particular, the plan would be equally successful.

Another result of the religious spirit which has come down to us from our ancestors, and which pervades the whole community, is the extensive religious awakenings which are almost peculiar to this land. Some of the great truths of Christianity, such as accountability to God, a coming judgment, the necessity of a radical change of character to meet it, the perpetuity of the character which is formed in this state of probation, are imbibed by almost the whole population in childhood. Multitudes pretend to shake off these principles, but their souls never really get free, and the farther they go in the career of worldliness and sin, the louder does conscience thunder to them in their hours of solitude and melancholy, that they are not fit to die. Early recollections never entirely fade away, and thus religious truth, by means of which alone the heart is sanctified, has a secret power, and retains a secret hold throughout the whole community, far more extensively than a superficial observer would suppose

possible. Under favorable circumstances, therefore, a whole mass is sometimes aroused, and the most extensive and radical transformations of character take place.

The two results we have mentioned are favorable. There are others very unfavorable. Among them is the strong tendency to metaphysico-theological controversy, and the violence and acrimony of religious disputes. The degree of interest sometimes felt among all classes of the community, even in the remotest country towns, in the discussion of questions requiring the nicest metaphysical discrimination, is almost incredible. There is scarcely a church member in the six states who has not been more or less interested in the recent discussions respecting new theology and old theology, as it is termed, and who has not taken sides on the question; and yet not one in a hundred can understand the propositions in dispute. In fact it is somewhat doubtful whether the learned doctors who led the discussion understood the points at issue, as one side always maintained that there was no material difference, and the other in the end came to pretty nearly the same result. At any rate, the community generally were certainly at fault altogether, and yet the contention found its way almost everywhere. In fact, a great many of the professing Christians of New England are much more intent on looking into the metaphysics of orthodoxy, or watching with a jealous eye the movements of other sects, than in

direct efforts to do good, and to promote the kingdom of the Savior.

The religious spirit of New England does not, however, all evaporate in this way. There is a vast amount of actual good done, with honest motives too. New England Christians are sending men and money liberally to the west, to promote the intellectual and moral and religious good of the communities rising there. New England Christians have established schools, and sent teachers to almost every part of the globe. Her sons have fallen by disease, by fatigue, by protracted labor, and now they have been destroyed by the bullets and the spears of ferocious savages. Still they carry forward their work. The spirit of piety rises to meet every emergency, and presses on with renewed energy and courage to meet every new difficulty and danger, and it will not rest till the world has been reclaimed from its miseries and its sins, and brought back again to God.

One of the unhappy results which follow from the general prevalence of a religious spirit in New England, is the number of cases of hypocritical pretension to religion which it produces. The more extensively true religion prevails and is respected, the stronger will be the inducement to counterfeit it. The cases are perhaps more numerous in New England than elsewhere, of men who have the name and profession of Christians, not

only without the corresponding spirit, but under the influence of an habitual love of gain, which is palpable enough to make them thoroughly despised as hypocrites by the world, but not palpable enough to authorize their being cut off from the communion of the church. Many observers of the New England character, coming accidentally into contact with a few specimens of this sort, judge of the whole by the unfavorable examples they chance to see.

We shall mention but one other result of the general prevalence of the religious spirit in New England, and that is its influence upon the morals and good order of the community. The simplicity of our government, and the facility with which it is continued in operation, depend upon the character of the materials with which it has to work. Our government, though good enough here, might be a very bad one anywhere else. What sort of machinery would a town-meeting, and three selectmen for the executive, be in any of the suburban villages of Paris, or on the shores of Greece, among a population of piratical desperadoes? We are always prone to discuss and settle questions of government in the abstract, whereas a government must be adapted to the wants and character of the governed; it is as necessary as that a coat should fit the wearer. In fact, government will take its form from the spirit of the people under it, and become military and absolute, or pacific and republican, according to the exigencies of the

community. Thus the general reign of moral and religious principle in New England has done more than any thing else to give character to our government. Even what little military organization has been made by our statesmen, it is found, in practice, almost impossible to retain. An intelligent and virtuous people will make the government mild, while mobs and anarchy will of necessity create a despotism. To judge then what is to be the future course of the government of this or of any other country, we must look, not at the plans of her statesmen, but at the condition and prospects of her populace.

The second most remarkable peculiarity of the people of New England, is the spirit of perpetual industry and dauntless enterprise, urged on by ambition, or love of gain, or desire to do good, according to the ruling passion of the individual. This spirit of enterprise and activity is in a great degree hereditary too. The character of the people of New England was thoroughly imbued with it by the circumstances of their first settlement in this land, or rather they brought this spirit with them from beyond the seas, and they found every thing here calculated to promote its growth.

The second great peculiarity of the New England character is the spirit of industry and enterprise which prevails here, and which assumes various forms, and leads to various results, good or bad, according to the circumstances or character:

of the individual. We come honestly by this trait in our national character too. The very circumstances of the early settlement of this country show that it was an enterprising stock that we have sprung from. None but men of the most fearless activity would have joined the party formed for colonizing this wilderness, so that if the character of a people could ever be predicted from that of the parent stock, an observer, when seeing the successive companies of pilgrims embarking on their perilous enterprise, might have foretold what the Yankee character would become.

The colonists of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay found, too, that every thing here was calculated to cultivate, to the highest degree, in themselves and their children, the spirit of adventurous ardor and untiring industry which they brought with them. A colony upon an inhospitable coast always flourishes more in the end than one in the midst of the luxurious vegetation of a tropical clime. The Spanish settlers in Mexico found that the labor of a few weeks would procure subsistence for the year, and thus they early acquired habits of idleness and love of pleasure ; and when, by the progress of society, increased facilities for obtaining subsistence were enjoyed, they operated only to diminish the number of days necessarily devoted to labor, while their idleness and love of sensual pleasure was increased, and their standard of comfort and property remained the same. But the hardy settler on the stubborn soil of New Eng-

land found himself compelled to labor *all the year* at first, to receive subsistence. Thus he did not taste the pleasure of idleness, and formed no relish for it; and when the progress of society increased *his* facilities, the effect was seen in an increase of his comforts and wealth, not in a diminution of his labor. A farmer in New England, who has acquired by a life of industry an independent fortune, generally labors as industriously and as regularly as when he first, with his axe upon his shoulder, found his way into the woods, feeling that it would require at first his utmost efforts to obtain the plainest food and the rudest shelter.

Thus the character for enterprise and industry which was brought by our forefathers from England, has been cultivated and increased by the circumstances under which the race has been placed here, until it shows itself everywhere and in a thousand ways, as one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the people. It shows itself in the zeal and ardor, not so much of feeling as of action, with which all the occupations of life are pursued here. It sharpens the avidity of gain,—it urges on the operations of the mercantile community far beyond the line of safe and prudent enterprise,—it sends the pedler in his gaudily-painted wagon over every turnpike and to every by-way in the Union, the seal-hunter and the whaleman to the remotest islands and the most distant seas; and it inspirits every farmer's boy with a restless desire to rise to something great or

wealthy or powerful, he knows scarcely what. Throughout New England you will find not one in twenty who lives where his fathers lived, or does as his fathers have done. The genius of the New England character fills the whole land at home with incessant industry and activity and motion, and scatters over the wide world fearless adventurers, in search of every object which excites the desires of the human heart. This fearless and untiring spirit, however, good as it would be if it were always well directed, as often perhaps takes a wrong course as a right one, or at least seeks to accomplish its ends by unjustifiable means; and this is very often the foundation of prejudices, not very unjust, against the national character.

There is another point which ought not to pass unnoticed in considering the traits of the New England character, and the causes which have operated to form and to perpetuate them; we mean the provision for the elementary instruction of the children. About one-third of the waking hours of a very large proportion of the juvenile population is spent in school. The immense influence which this circumstance must exert upon the national character is very evident.

The general features of the system in its actual operation are as follows. The towns are divided into districts of convenient extent, upon some central spot in which a small school-house is erected by a tax upon the inhabitants of the district. Here, during the summer months, a school is

taught by a female for the benefit of the girls and the younger children, and in the winter, by a man, for the older children, both boys and girls. These teachers are generally such of the sons and daughters of the farmers in the neighborhood as have distinguished themselves by their taste for study, and their success in "arithmetic, grammar, and geography," in their own schools. Sometimes they receive special preparation at academies and seminaries for teachers, and sometimes they are members of classes in the colleges, of which there are two or three in every state. Generally, however, they have made but little preparation for their work as teachers, except having attended themselves to the studies they are to teach, in other schools similar to those which they are about to govern. Education, in this department of it at least, is not reduced to a science in this country. Every man practices according to his own notions, and he who has the greatest tact has the greatest success.

In the larger villages and towns, the public schools are under the charge of more experienced teachers, and are continued in operation during the year. In some of them also there are grammar-schools, to which the older boys are received and prepared for college or business by the pursuit of such studies as do not come within the plan of the ordinary district schools. In almost every county too there are incorporated academies, where the higher branches of a common education are

taught. These academies are usually endowed; a board of trustees holds their funds and appoints the teachers. The number and character of the teachers are very various, from the schools of Exeter and Andover, which are managed by an experienced principal and several professors, to the obscure and languishing seminary in the remote country town, which the trustees are not able to keep open more than half the year. There are private schools without number too; every village has its private teachers, and every large town its schools for little children, and its "girls' schools," and its "boys' schools," where the genteeler families seek, though they do not always find, more particular and thorough attention for their children than the public institutions afford.

By these various institutions provision is made for the instruction of almost the whole population of the country in the elements of knowledge. A taste for reading, showing itself in many ways, pervades the land. Every considerable village has its one or two printing offices, from which issues a weekly paper devoted to politics, religion, literature, agriculture, and news.* Every parish has its Sabbath school library, every humble cottage its shelf of books.

Such is New England. We would not conceal her faults nor panegyrize her virtues. She has at

* There are about forty periodical publications issued in the city of Boston.

least the elements of a hardy and an efficient character. If the spirit of genuine Christianity had sway in the hearts of her people, they might accomplish inelaculable good to their country and to the world.

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